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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

NOSES.

Nasology; or, Hints towards a Classification of Noses. By Eden Warwick. Pp. 263. Bentley.

NASOLOGY is not nosology; and, though the ignorant of Greek derivations or compounds might fancy that the last and not the first meant something about noses, they would be mistaken. Everybody knows what a nose is; but few are aware how much has been written and how many jokes passed about that dictionary-defined "portion of the human face." It is the prominent and leading feature of the countenance divine; it is answerable for the tongue, and has been advised to be worn soaped against a long pull or a strong pull, in consequence of the impertinence of that unruly organ. It is the seat of one of the five senses, and, in many cases, more useful than the eyes and the palate; it is a supreme critic, against whose decisions it were folly to cavil or act; it is so penetrating that spies are called Noses, as an analogical compliment to its acuteness and powers of discovery; it is a thing of breathing life; it is a vehicle for sonorous music, awake and sounding, whilst all its companions—sight, hearing, touch, and taste—are fast asleep; its deficiency makes the ugliest part of the human skull; it is the grand portal entrance to the temple of the soul; in short, the nose is, *par excellence*, what Macbeth erroneously says of another sense, "worth all the rest"!

Mr. Eden Warwick, holding these opinions, has published this volume in support of them. We fancied, at first, he was about to joke on the subject, but soon perceived that he, like us, considered it neither safe nor proper for jesting. For wheresoever Hudibras may locate the seat of honour,¹ the Nose may at least contest the point; and, indeed, it is a curious fact that the same poem alludes to a remarkable connexion between them (discovered by a certain Tallocoitus),² so that a transfer can be made from the one to the other, the quality of Honour being still retained uninjured by both.

The author, then, is in earnest with a grave system, and not, like Swift, with Delany's nose, or Sterne with Slawkenborgius, fuming and punning upon the sacred promontory. "We have," he declares, "a belief, founded on long-continued, personal observation, that there is more in a Nose than most owners of that appendage are generally aware. We believe that, besides being an ornament to the face, or a convenient handle by which to grasp an impudent fellow, it is an important index to its owner's character; and that the accurate observation and minute comparison of an extensive collection of Noses of persons whose mental characteristics are known, justifies a Nasal Classification, and a deduction of some points of mental organization therefrom. It will not be contended that all the faculties and properties of mind are revealed by the Nose—for instance, we can read nothing of Temper or the Passions from it. Perhaps it rather reveals Power and Taste—Power or Energy to carry out Ideas, and the Taste or Inclination which dictates or guides them. As these will always very much form a man's outward character, the position which is sought to be established is this:—

"THE NOSE IS AN IMPORTANT INDEX TO CHARACTER."

"A pleasant mouth, a merry eye, a sour visage, a stern aspect, are some of the common phrases by which we daily acknowledge ourselves to be physiognomists; for by these expressions we mean, not

that the mouth is pleasant or the visage sour, but such is the mind which shines out from them. If it were the face alone which we thus intended, we should never trouble or concern ourselves about a human countenance, nor be attracted nor repelled by one, any more than if it were a carved head on a gothic waterspout, or a citizen's door-knocker. We all acknowledge the impression given by the mind to the mouth and the eyes, because they express Temper and the Passions—those feelings which more immediately interest us in our mutual intercourse—and because they change with the feelings; now flashing with anger, or sparkling with pleasure, compressing with rage, or smiling with delight.

"But because the Nose is uninfluenced by the feelings which agitate and vary the mind, and is, therefore, immovable and unvaried, no one will hear the theory of Nasology broached without incredibility and risibility. Because the Nose is subject only to those faculties of mind which are permanent and unfluctuating, and is, therefore, likewise permanent and unfluctuating in its form, men have paid no attention to its indications, and will, accordingly, abuse as an empiric and a dotard the first Nasologist. But, is there, *a priori*, anything so unreasonable in attributing mental characteristics to the Nose, when we all daily read each other's minds in the Nose's next door neighbours, the eyes and mouth? Is not the *a priori* inference entirely in favour of a negative reply? And that, *a posteriori*, it may confidently be replied to in the negative will, it is hoped, presently appear."

And he proceeds to explain and demonstrate, his texts running on the following classification:—

- "Class I. THE ROMAN, or Aquiline Nose.
- " II. THE GREEK, or Straight Nose.
- " III. THE COGNITIVE, or Wide-nostripped Nose.
- " IV. THE JEWISH, or Hawk Nose.
- " V. THE SNUB Nose, and
- " VI. THE CELESTIAL, or Turn-up Nose."

To these six classes various properties are ascribed, and outline portraits of distinguished men are given, to sustain the arguments. There are also similar exemplars of the mixed noses—i.e., of noses more or less compounded of these types. Thus Wellington and Bonaparte are affixed, the former to the Roman and the latter to the Romano-Greek; and the first is compared with Caesar, the last with Alexander; and we are told that,—

"To describe the character of Wellington is to reverse that of Napoleon. Napoleon was shrewd, artful, and deceitful; Wellington open-hearted, strong-sensed, candid, and sincere. Napoleon a clever statesman; Wellington obtuse in politics. Napoleon a great strategist; Wellington short-sighted, though daring, in the field. Napoleon a lover and patron of arts; Wellington a despiser of them. Napoleon said to be personally timid; Wellington constitutionally brave. Napoleon's cruelties were acts of cool calculation and state-policy; Wellington's of military fury. Napoleon poisoned his prisoners because he did not know what else to do with them, and murdered the Duke d'Enghien to produce 'an effect' in Europe; Wellington's cruelties were the necessary consequences of war energetically carried on, and were never the result of cold-blooded predetermination."

"Before closing this section, we would request the reader's attention to the strong proof of the truth of the hypothesis derivable from the fact that like Noses, with like circumstances, (*ceteris paribus*, as the phrenologists say,) produce like characters: for instance, Wolsey, Richelieu, Ximenes, Lorenzo, di

Medici, Alfred; Sidney, Raleigh; Alexander, Napoleon."

It is not our intention to go through, examine, and pronounce upon the author's hypotheses. We may state that they are really striking, even when he assails inductive philosophy and sets the speculative in a higher sphere.

"The complaint of Lord Bacon," he observes, "is truer now than it was in his time: 'If a man turn his eyes to libraries, he may perhaps be surprised at the immense variety of books he finds; but upon examining and diligently weighing their matters and contents he will be struck with amazement on the other side; and after finding no end of repetitions, but that men continually treat and speak the same things over and over again, fall from admiration of the variety into a wonder at the want and scantiness of those things which have hitherto detained and possessed the minds of men.' Unhappily, his system, by the universal and indiscriminate adoption of only its lower and material offices to the exclusion of those higher ends which he contemplated from it, and by its being used as a mode of cultivating the mind, as well as a means of discovering the sciences, has rather strengthened than weakened the justice of these censures. Our Augustan age of thought is still that of Elizabeth and James I.; the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries still outshine the nineteenth in loftiness of thought and solidity of learning; yet we complacently boast of our progress, because we rattle through the fields of learning at ten times the speed of our ancestors, as we do over our railway-sected country, gleanings about as little information of the one as of the other. We dash through the deep cuttings and dark tunnels of literature at railway speed, taking assertions for facts, and empty declamation and tawdry immorality for sense and religion; and then, like the nervous lady who rides through a railway tunnel without fainting, congratulate ourselves on having accomplished some gigantic feat; though we have learnt just as much about the subject of our studies as she has of the construction of the tunnel; but having, like her, fretted and fumed for a few minutes at some dark difficulty, we unite with her in thinking ourselves very valiant and clever people.

"We avail ourselves of the roads and paths which others have made, and never stop to examine their solidity or foundations, or the principles on which they are constructed. We lose the habit of deep investigation and close thinking by a long and entire reliance on others, and our minds become dissipated, and a prey to all the silly novelties which spring like ephemera from the almost stagnant pools of modern brains.

"This mental dissipation and its concomitant evil, reading for the purpose of killing time—with far more baneful effects than never reading at all, but relying merely on our own serious excogitations—are curses from which we ought earnestly to endeavour to save ourselves. This we can only do by sternly exercising the mind in settled definite habits of thought, by placing before it a determinate aim and end to its cogitations. It must know beforehand whether it is tending, so that, as it proceeds, it may note its progress, and be able to judge whether it is advancing or receding. It would be absurd for a man to start on a journey without knowing whether he was going, but to be continually trying first one road and then another, in hopes it would bring him somewhere, as it is for a student to sit down to study without any definite purpose or view before him. True, the traveller might pick up many facts, and get some knowledge in his desultory course, and so might

¹ Because one kick in that part, more hurts honour than deep wounds before.

² Thus learned Tallocoitus from

The brawny, &c.

[Enlarged 128.]

the student; but neither would be advanced on his journey, or have gained any true wisdom. Yet this is the course of modern study. Loose desultory reading, a vague acquisition of unconnected facts, is alone aimed at. Witness the transactions of our scientific bodies—a huge undigested mass of valuable facts; the raw materials, the bricks of knowledge, which no one has dared yet to generalize or build up into an harmonious and well-proportioned temple of wisdom."

There is much truth in this, but perhaps not so much as to carry readers quite to the following conclusions:

"An apology is needed for this long episode on Bacon, and our apology must be an anxious desire to direct the student back from the false school of Baconism to the master himself. Leave the Macaulays, the Herschels and the Playfares to the work—and an important and useful work it is—for which they are fitted; but do you endeavour so to mind earthly things that you forget not heavenly things. We say not, as did the ancient philosophers, disregard earthly things; but, while attending to them, forget not the heavenly, as the utilitarians do. Neither would it have been necessary to have entered so fully into the matter, had we not been aware that of the thousands who pretend to tread in the steps of Bacon, not above one or two have ever read his more important works; but take their notions of his philosophy from such crude and partial views as the merest utilitarians choose to enunciate as Baconian."

The millennium is approximated through the past history of noses, and the nations distinguished by them:

"What Phoenicia, a little corner of Asia, did for Europe, England, a little corner of Europe, has done and is doing for lands still further West—America and Austral-Asia; destined to be in their turns the seats of a still progressive civilization, until every part of the earth shall have been in succession blessed with a civilization, if not always equal in degree, always adequate to its age, requirements, and capacity.

"Then, when the whole circle shall have been accomplished—and of which more than two-thirds have been already passed over—when civilization in Austral-Asia shall touch the confines of its original starting-point, the Eastern shores of India, the consummation of all things shall be at hand; the purpose for which the earth was created, and for which millions of years have been slowly, surely, and silently beautifying, storing, and adapting it, until it is like "the Garden of the Lord," shall have been fulfilled; and the whole of this beautiful system shall vanish away like a breath, yet leave no vacuity, no defect, in the vast and mighty universe, whose limits utterly transcend our notions of time and space.

"Two-thirds of this circle have been already passed over; the remaining third is rapidly running out; we already stand half-way between the beginning and the end of this third part; nay, we are nearer the end than the beginning; we see more clearly, and apprehend more closely, the day when Austral-Asia shall be the seat of civilization and Christianity, than we do the day when those blessings, seventeen hundred years ago, first landed on our shores; we feel more affinity for, and more sympathy with, the later age than with the former, and we may be assured that we do this because we are much nearer in Time to the one than to the other."

"This is an awful contemplation; we cannot but feel that there is an extra responsibility cast upon us upon whom literally 'the ends of the world are come,' and that it concerns us more than all who have gone before to be up and be doing."

Let our active colonizing associations look to this, whilst we pass rapidly to the author's rather disparaging theory of female noses:

"Whatever the cause," he ungallantly remarks, "it is almost indisputable that women's characters are generally less developed than those of men; and this fact accurately accords with the usual development of their Noses. But for a small *hiatus* in the *prosternum*, Pope's line would read equally well thus:—

"Most women have no noses at all."

"Not, of course, that the nasal appendage is wanting, any more than Pope intended by the original line that women's characteristics were wholly negative; but that, like their characters, their Noses are, for the most part, cast in a smaller and less developed mould than the Nose masculine.

"In judging of the Nose feminine, therefore, comparison must not be made with the masculine, but with other feminine Noses. All the rules and classifications apply to the one as well as the other, but allowance is to be made for sex."

Together with other argument, it is written:

"Hence it is that wise men—so frequently, that it is become proverbial—marry silly women. However much a learned man may admire female accomplishments, he detests a woman who strives to rival him in his own sphere, who is talking philosophy when he would be whispering 'soft nothings,' and who freezes his ardent admiration with a dissertation on mathematics, or a moral discourse on self-control. He can bend, like any other man, with intense joy, over the blushing girl who tremblingly believes that her eyes are brighter and more lovely than the stars over her head; but would fling from him with disgust the woman who would repress his harmless and true—because soul-felt—flattery, with a philosophical disquisition on the nature, distances, and offices of the aforesaid stars. And it is because learned women too often strive by this injudicious ill-timed wisdom, to catch learned men for husbands, (and there are no more determined husband-hunters than blue-stocking women, because they are always within a year or two of being shelfed,) that the latter are necessarily flung into the arms of women who they know can't bore them with an eternal round of sense, from which every one is glad occasionally to escape, and never more so than when he is in love.

"Hence it is that blue-stocking women are proverbially avoided by men; not because men despise or dislike their learning, but because they make such ill-timed use of it. They may be admired, but they are never loved; they may talk as wise and as learned as is in their power, but learning and wisdom never won a lover, much less a husband. *Ver. sup.* my dear lady reader, and if you don't understand the abbreviate, ask—ask—anybody, but your husband.

"In a witty woman who can skirmish with unflinching quickness and dexterity, we can even forgive a slight moral delinquency. A little white-lie simpered out with arch assurance by a pair of demure lips,

"Like leaves of crimson tulips met,"

by no means offends us as it would in a man; in whom we should attribute it to low cunning or mean cowardice. Indeed, the exquisite look of arch impudence with which a delicately chiselled marbleine Celestial tells you a most palpable falsehood is maddening, perfectly beautiful, almost sublime. The cool assurance and sharp railing with which she persists after detection! the assumption of injured innocence! the impudent look of defiance! By Jove! truly

"The dear creatures lie with such a grace,

There's nothing so becoming to the face."

And then, when they are beaten from their last defence, and can resist no longer, when they are compelled to surrender and beg pardon, they do it as if they were forgiving you; and make you feel almost as if you were being forgiven, as if you, not she, had all the while been erring: at all events, you feel very like a fool, though very happy; and so a few tears, and a few (or not a few) kisses set all to rights,

"And so we make it up;

And then—and then—and then—sit down and sup."

We shall now leave the Old World, and conclude with the New:

"The Anglo-Americans," says Mr. Warwick, "afford a further corroborative proof that the Cogitative Nose is dependent on the cultivation of a Cogitative mind. They present a striking contrast to their puritan forefathers,—men who abandoned home, country, and friends, for the sake of religious and political opinions; men to whom conscience was dearer than life, and freedom more precious than worldly advantage; men of the strictest integrity, the

most scrupulous honesty, and the sternest firmness, sullied only by an excess of over-wrought feeling-fanaticism. All these virtues and this vice (itself a virtue gone mad) are wanting to the American character. That there are happy exceptions, it is true; but a nation which boasts *smartness* as its most prominent virtue, must not complain if it is accused of want of principle. The circumstances of young America have contributed to render her's an unthinking people. The wild life to which so large a portion have been subjected, cut off from all neighbourhood, debarred from communication with cultivated minds, thrown entirely on the active business of the day for mental food, they have necessarily degenerated from the thinking men, to whom they are indebted for their origin.

"So far from the American Nose inheriting the Cogitative form of their ancestors', it is thin and sharp; and, as a national nose, the most unthinking of any of the Gothic stock. America is, however, a fast-growing nation; it has had no infancy, but started at once into life, a full-grown youth. There is hope, therefore—of which already some assurance has been given—that it will yet furnish its quota of thinkers to the history of the human mind."

We trust our quotations have sufficiently illustrated this singular production; and we have only to add, that if it does not much amuse its readers in one, it must in another. The author's earnestness is quite infectious; and after reading his nasal system, it is impossible not to set to work upon the noses of all our friends and acquaintances, and of strangers met in the street, in busses, in railroad carriages, in steamers, and on highways and byways, and speculating away upon their characters, setting Nasology far above Physiognomy or Phrenology, and thus opening a source of endless entertainment in the room of non-observation, vacancy, or somnolency. We heartily thank Mr. Warwick for the amusement he has thus already furnished us.

CENTO.

Lays of the Deer Forest, &c. By John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. 2 vols. Blackwoods.

THESE names on the title-page are calculated to excite public curiosity, and belong to individuals who assume to be direct lineal descendants and representatives of the royal race of Stuart. Many persons believe them to be so; and many others dispute the fact. We must refer the question to history or the House of Peers; but may say, that if a characteristic passion for enabling Scottish sports, refinement, and a love of literature and the muse may be taken as evidence in favour of blood and family resemblance, these gentlemen may plead strong Stuart features in aid of their pretensions.

Their preceding volume of *Tales of the Century* embodied the romantic story of the mysterious birth and future adventures of a son of Prince Charles and the Countess of Albany, the root and origin of the existing claim, and the subsequent biographies of his descendants. These *tomes* refer but little to such circumstances. The first is occupied with "The Templar's Tomb," and other poems; and the last with "Sketches of Highland Deer Stalking," clan traditions, and notes of very varied and interesting description. The poetry, we must confess, does not belong to the highest order; and therefore a few lines quoted from the centenary return of the fatal day of Culloden will suffice for an illustration of the whole:

"A hundred years have rolled their tide away,
With all their crumbling dynasties' decay—
A hundred years of banishment past—

Another century has now begun,
And the stern prophecy has reached at last
The generations doomed—the third and fourth
Of those whom Heaven, in its promised wrath,
Has scattered to the winds—and far, and wide,
O'er the broad world, and ocean's bursting tide,
Destined to wander for their fathers' sin,
Till in the dust a heritage they win
By long endurance."

"Land of my fathers!—Through Culloden's gloom
There shines a light of glory on thy tomb,

A star which to posterity shall tell
How the base conquered, and the noble fell.
The stainless page of history shall bear
From the dark smoking gien and mountain lair,
The glory of the poor who suffered there.
Through ravaging famine, and the pain of death,
The searching falchion, and the flaming breath,
Which spared not youth or age.—The child—the sire—
And wrapt their harvests and their homes in fire—
And yet through all—*Who* lived—lived faithful still,
A hunted outlaw on the ravaged hill,
Amid the veiling clouds and storms, to dwell
With the wild fox and eagle on the fall.
There free, like them, upon the rocky bed,
Slept with the spring, and by the berry fed,
They scorned the bribe upon their prince's head—
To them a treasure in their laps had rolled,
A heap of boundless wealth, unknown, untold—
And they refused it all—in want to die,
Who might have lived in ease and solace high,
And present grace—and future infamy—
Their race is gathered nameless in the grave—
Their children scattered to the wind and wave—
Their garb, their tongue, and all their records rare,
And o'er the mountains what once they were.
Thee, though, their virtues—all they knew and felt,
Is vanished like the cloud in which they dwelt,
Alone—their last now left upon the hill—
As if the parted spirit hovering still—
All of their race behind—the eagle king
Wheels o'er the desert earth with lonely wing—
The last dark emblem of what once their own—
Their native monarch, and their mountain throne.
For desolation reigns in Holyrood."

These are the most feeling and best specimens we could select; but the second volume, of notes, appendices, anecdotes, feuds, superstitions, &c. &c., is full of curious miscellaneous matter, and will well repay consultation. We are bound to cite an example or two. In a note upon the words "the servile grey," we read—

"That peasant colour, called in the middle ages 'hidden grey'—then the distinctive wear of 'churis,' beggars, and now of the Highlanders—was derived by the latter from the Border 'maud,' or Cheviot shepherd's plaid, first introduced among the clans with the flocks of Cheviot sheep. The coming of the 'white faces' and grey plaid is still well remembered in some of the glens. In Argyleshire they were brought in by Campbell of Combie, about the year 1771, upon the farm of Balantyre, near Inverary; and the wearer of the new garment was the shepherd of the imported flock, a certain John Todd, from the neighbourhood of Dumbarston. In Inverness-shire the same introduction took place in Morven, about the year 1777, and the shepherd who carried the first 'brat gall' into that country, was one Braiffoot from the Border. Similar flocks and their feeders spread the expulsion of the deer, the men, and the tartans, throughout the Highlands; and, at the first appearance of the grey garment, from the strangers of which it was the livery, and the calamities by which it was accompanied, it was called 'Brat Gall'—the foreigners' rag; and 'Ricchallachie'—the 'accursed grey.' 'Away with the churis! and bring up the gentle blood!'—said King Edward, when the yeomen were repulsed by the Scottish 'Schiltrows' at Falkirk; and, for the first time, the knights were compelled to dismount and take off their spurs, and charge on foot; and thus the old ballad personified the discomfited peasants by their characteristic colour—

'Away! away with the hidden grey!
Bring up the scarlet red!
These churis be meet to feed the swine,
And make the stall'd steer's bed.'

In the middle ages, the 'hidden grey' was in all countries a despisable garb, the characteristic of all that was base and ignoble, the attribute of the churl and peasant, in opposition to the green and scarlet of the gentle blood. Accordingly, in the sumptuary acts of the Scottish parliament, it was prescribed as the working habit of the laborious orders,* and thus 'the husbandmen and servants' were coarse cloth made of grey, or skie colour.'+ This peasant livery—an example of the universality of customs—was common through great part of Europe, and is still retained by all the rustics in the Duchy of Brunswick, and to a considerable extent in

Switzerland, Bohemia, and other parts of the Continent, where it remains the distinctive habit of the serfs. Such an ignoble character in the 'hidden' garb, rendered it contemptible among the hunters and warriors of the old clans, each of whom boasted the right to wear the forest or 'battle colours' of his chief. There was, however, another cause for which it was peculiarly disagreeable to Highlanders. Among them grey was to their imagination what black is to their neighbours, a personification of sombre, superstitious, and ghostly ideas, and hence associated with phantoms and demons. Thus, an apparition is called 'an Riochd'—the grey or wan; the spectre foreboding death, 'an bodach glas'—the grey earl; a phantom in the shape of goat, 'an Glasig,' or 'Glasidh,'* the grey; and, as in the south, the great enemy is named familiarly 'the black gentleman' so in the Highlands he is called 'Mac-an-Riochda,'—the son of the Grey.' In the Meas of the old wives and children of the last century, all these personifications, except one, were as nearly as possible those of the modern dubh-gaill deer-stalker in his hidden grey,—wanting only the 'Jim Crow,' 'ruffian,' or 'crush hat,' enormities which had not then completed the masquerade of death and Satan.

"It is easy to trace the origin of this association. The ancient Caledonian hell, like that of Scandinavia, was a frozen and glassy region, an island named 'Ifrinn,' far away among the 'wan waters' of the northern ocean, and involved in everlasting ice, and snow, and fog. In this dim region the appearance of the evil spirits, like that of mortals in similar circumstances, was believed to be wan and shadowy, like men seen through a frosty mist. Thus a party of modern deer-stalkers, noble and well-armed though they may be, in despite of the gold Geneva watch-chains and costly Purdie rifles which appear from under their shepherd plaids, would represent to an old 'Sealgair nam beann,' the liveliest vision of the fiend and his familiars; and we have no doubt, that if 'Alasdair Mac-Dhonaich rualidh,' or even 'Iain-dubh-Draigheanach' had ever in the grey of the morning met with Lord * * * *, Sir H. G., or the stalking phantom of * * * *, he would have 'avoided' the hill for that time, and never have returned to it after between sun-setting and sun-rising.

It is now only seventy-six years since the introduction of the shepherd's plaid into the Highlands, yet, notwithstanding that brief period, and that its original usage was foreign and subversive, and, among Highlanders, a peculiar characteristic of the lowland garb, and an attendant upon the proscription of their own, so great has been the moral as well as political change among the Highlanders, and thus so radically has succeeded the policy of Lord Hardwicke's act, the obliteration of their spirit with the abolition of their dress, that even among the natives the shepherd's check is now believed to be an attribute of the clans, and worn as an affection of the Highland character. It is not unusual at Highland balls to see persons of rank dressed in the foreign peasant habit, made of the finest materials, decorated with gold and jewels, and paraded as a compliment to the clans! The mania of the 'churi' garb has now spread from the forest to the city, from the lodge to the saloon, from the wife of the 'carnach' to the lady of the peer,—is seen rolling in the travelling chariot on the chausses of France and Italy, and wandering like a phantom into the wilds of the Tyrol and the Alps, until, at length, the ridicule of the Continent, it has become the characteristic of our countrymen, who are everywhere described with shrugs and smiles.—'Bonnet gris!—habit gris!—gilet!—pantalon!—tout gris! depuis la tête jusqu'aux pieds!—ah ça!'

Another note gives a remarkable description of secret chambers and places of concealment in many old castles and houses. We select one of tragic interest:

"In the preceding part of this note we have mentioned the settlement of the MacPhersons and the

Davidsons upon the lands of the Cummings in the Lordship of Badenoch. This acquirement, however, was not effected without a struggle. Great part of the estate obtained by the Clann a' Phairson was tenanted by an ancient and considerable race named the MacNivens, who, from time immemorial, had held their tenures under the Cummings. Impatient of the authority of a new superior, and ambitions of advancing their own independence after their emancipation from the last, they took every occasion to oppose, insult, and embarrass the strangers. The chieftain of the MacNivens resided at Breacachie, immediately opposite to Clunie, one of the principal possessions of the MacPhersons, so that there were frequent occasions for animosity towards their people. The temper of hostility generated by these discords was at last aggravated into an open feud by a gross insult offered to the family of Clunie. Between the 'Beala'-tart, there is a shallow in the Spey, which is only fordable in dry weather,* and by this the cattle of the MacPhersons having crossed the water, and strayed upon the grounds of the Breacachie, were immediately pointed by the MacNivens. Desirous of avoiding any irritation which might be excited among men mutually ill-disposed, Clunie sent his daughter, attended only by women, to relieve the imprisoned fold. Regardless, however, of her rank and sex, she was ignominiously insulted; and though the cattle were returned, it was rather as a challenge than a surrender; for the tongue of the bull was cut out and tied to his tail, which in those days was an outrageous provocation; according to the old feudal degradation for cowardice or flight in battle, when a man, after having been deprived of his arms, was made to draw out his tongue with his fingers, saying—'Nithing! nithing! nithing!'—'Paltron! paltron!' So gross and significant an insult was, therefore, a declaration of war on the part of the MacNivens; and the MacPhersons lost no time in vindicating their honour.

"Clan attacks were generally made at night. A few days after the outrage offered to the daughter of Clunie, Alasdair Coint, 'Ceann-tighe,' or head of the MacPhersons of Pitman, in Strath-Spey, gathered a hundred of the most resolute men, and before sunrise all the houses of the MacNivens were laid in ashes, and every man put to the sword except eighteen, who escaped to the woods of Raites, then a part of the great forest which covered a large extent of Badenoch, and the glens and braes around Strath-Spey, the 'Laich of Moray,' and the Monadhliath. In one of the recesses of that deep wild, the refugees built a strong stone house, and in the bank against which one of its gables was abutted, excavated a large cell, the entrance to which was closed by a slab of rock in the wall, which formed the 'Back-tur-rat,' or rear-stone of the hearth, and against which the fire was burning during the day; thus acting in the double capacity of concealing the retreat, and in winter, warming it without a vent. In this den, the MacNivens dwelt in security for several years, subsisting by the chase in the forest, and occasional depredations upon the cattle of the MacPhersons. As time wore on, they never relaxed their precautions, always making their predatory expeditions by night, and never going abroad beyond the hours of twilight, except in the long days of summer, when, even in Badenoch, there is scarcely any positive darkness. Footsteps, however, were traced in the wood; at length the house was discovered by some hunters, and the recurrence of frequent 'creachas,' or abductions of cattle, raised a suspicion that both were connected with the missing MacNivens. Several attempts were made to surprise them in their habitation, but this only increased their vigilance, without any discovery of their secret. At last, irritated by some particular losses among his own cattle, Alasdair Coint determined upon making a personal attempt at discovery. For this purpose, he feigned an ill

* From whence its name, 'Beala'-tart, 'The dry-weather ford.'

+ At that time no inferior houses were accommodated with chimneys."

state of health, and confined himself to his house, until his beard had grown to a sufficient length for disguise, when, clothing himself as a sick beggar, he penetrated into the woods of Raites, and proceeded alone to the suspected house. He timed his arrival to a late hour in the evening, and pretending to have lost his way in the forest, and to be almost expiring with hunger and fatigue, entreated for some food and a lodging for the night. The former was freely and liberally given by the woman who appeared, but the latter was steadily refused, till at last, affected by the apparent distress and torpid exhaustion of the poor mendicant, their resolution was overcome, and they permitted him to lie down in a corner of the house. As soon as he had finished his meal, he appeared to fall into a lethargic slumber,—but, like Ulysses in the porch of Ithaca, his eyes were abundantly vigilant; and about midnight, when the fire had gone out, and all was still and dark, his attention was roused by the soft step of one of the women, a grating jar behind the hearth, and immediately the wall opened, and he saw the shadows of the secreted men steal across the dim light of the little window, and through the un-closing door, and in the next moment, the sound of their steps went round the house, and passed away into the wood; after which, the heavy jar was again heard at the wall, and all remained quiet during the night. As the dawn began to break, however, the latch of the door was carefully lifted, the dark shadows glided through the twilight, the clank and jar was again audible, and they vanished one by one into the wall, which closed without leaving a trace of its deception. Alasdair, however, had seen enough to mark their disappearance at the hearth,—the size of the ‘back-turret’ did not fail to fix his observation when the light grew clear, and having received an ample meal to break his fast, he affected much restoration by his good cheer and long rest, and taking his leave with many expressions of gratitude, made the best of his way to his own house. As soon as he arrived, he gave directions for secretly assembling his followers, and proceeding to Raites the same evening, about nightfall, reached the house of the MacNivens. As before, none but women were visible, but to their astonishment, his men proceeded to extinguish the fire, and pulling down the wall, compelled the concealed fugitives to come forth, and beheaded them all upon the stump of a tree before the door.”

Some droll instances are cited of blunders in translating Scottish names in natural history into French scientific works—ex. gr., on moor-cock, the ordinary name for grouse—

“This name, however, undergoes another and more extraordinary transmutation between the Highland hills and the foreign reader; for the naturalist, observing that its noun adjective signified both a *waste* and a *nigro*, made choice of the last, and explained ‘moor-fowl’ as ‘poule-moresque’!—‘à cause,’ says the translator, ‘de la couleur du male, qui est noir’!”

We conclude with a story of animal instinct, or reasoning power; and we trust our readers will not be tempted to say of this brief review, *Parturient Montes (not Lola) nascent ridiculus mus:*

“One distinction of the animal mind appears to be, that although it combines causes and consequences, it does not distinguish their extent or limits, or modifications of matter, circumstance, and probability. An incident among some of our little neighbours in Tarnaway illustrates this definition. In our bothy,

“* It will be remembered that the Celtic, Frankish, and Norman fashion of shaving all but the upper lip, did not in England give place to long beards until the reign of Edward III., and in 1327, the new fashion was ridiculed by the Scots, in the well known old rhyme—

*Long beards hartless,
Painted hoods wileless,
Gait coates graceless,
Make England thrifless.*

Hollinshead, Chron.

“From these lines, it is evident that the low-country Scots had not then received the novel mode; and as in the Highlands, the progress of new fashions was still more tardy, it must have been some time later before the ursine visage was introduced among the clans.”

among other miscellanies, there was a tray of rifle balls, which were soon discovered by the mice—‘Of things unknown,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘we can only judge by things known.’—The mice knew nothing about guns, but they were very well acquainted with nuts; the balls being round and hard, and very large, they took them for fine ‘cobs,’ or ‘jilliberts,’ and set to work to crack them.—This, however, gave them a good deal of trouble. Our balls diminished, and we could not think what filled the tray with fine lead raspings, for they were just too large for a file, till one day we found a two ounce bullet reduced to its half. There was a small hollow in its middle, caused by a bubble of air in the casting; to this one side had been reduced, and the surface of the section exhibited the sharp gouging of the little teeth which had cut it down to the hole, but stopped as soon as they found it empty. Whenever a mouse finds the cavity of a decayed nut, he immediately leaves it and tries another.—Our little neighbour thought the hollow ball was a bad nut, and cut up half a dozen solid ones in looking for the kernels.”

Poems and Songs. By E. H. B. Pp. 206.

Pickering.

A VOLUME of numerous short poems, few of them filling above one page or two, and, as we see, from an address to a daughter, the effusions of a matronly pen. Many of these little pieces embody touching and poetic sentiments, whilst others are less polished and more trite in their subjects. Translations from the French, local scenes, temporary feelings, the impressions of current events, &c., supply the themes, and form the varied wreath thus dedicated to the Muses. Ungallant as it may be, we begin our notice with the censure of careless and unallowable versification. Thus the first stanza of ‘Autumn,’ from Lamartine, cannot pass muster:—

“Hall! ye deep woods, whose crown of yellow leaves,
Borne on the gale, o’spreads the verdant lawn—
Hall! the last sunshine gleaming through the trees,
For mourners love to dwell thy scenes among.”

What could our fair author have been thinking of when she fancied these were rhymes? She was certainly in different mood when she wrote the following affecting and most truly applicable lines:—

ELEGY TO L. E. L.

“Scarce had the wind, which rocked thine ocean bed,
Borne thee, oh! Landon, to a far-off strand:
Ere tears are falling o’er the minstrel dead,
And sounds of woe are wafted o’er the land.”

II.
“Queen of the tuneful lyre!—those tears are thine—
Long will thy fatherland thy mem’ry keep;
The laurel which thy minstrel late did twine,
Wreathed with the cypress, o’er thy tomb will weep.”

III.
“Ah! tis thy legacy—thou ne’er mayst wake
Its silvery strings to charm the listning throng;
Hushed is the heart which could such music make,
Shivered the chords, and silent is the song.”

IV.
“Thou wast too full of passion—and the shell,
Worn by the spirit, all too frail and weak;
The parting hour was as thy funeral knell,
Thou couldst not bear another home to seek.”

V.
“To leave thy hearthstone, and thine early friends;
To burst the bonds which nature flings around
Sweet friendship’s footsteps, and to life still lends
A halloving charm, wherewith our hearts are bound.”

VI.
“Alas! to lose thee thus! to hear no more
Th’ enchanting echo of thine haunting song;
To know that, resting on a foreign shore,
To stranger hands thine obsequies belong.”

VII.
“Ah! who will honour thine abandoned urn!
Will one fond hand strew roses o’er thy bier?
In vain, bright flowers await thy loved return;
In vain, we weep for one, alas! so dear.”

VIII.
“Bright is the sun, with rays of burning light,
The stars with silver radiance gild the sky;
Still, as of yore, the silent queen of night
Sheds a pale lustre from her throne on high.”

“All—all endure, but where is now our boast?
The poet of all hearts—our pride is dead;
Wake—wake, sweet music o’er that far off coast;
Fling—fling sweet garlands o’er her lowly head.”

The annexed is also a sweet touch of natural pathos:—

“ON BEING ASKED BY MY CHILDREN TO JOIN IN THEIR PASTIMES.

I.
“Oh! ask me not to share thy mirth,
For one is absent there;
Oh! ask me not to quit my hearth
And join the young and fair.”

II.
“For what may lonely heart like mine
Seek mid the youthful crowd?
The past is not with them a shrine,
Their joy is all too loud.”

III.
“I could not smile—th’ unhidden tear
Would flow and mar the scene;
Remembrance still would tell how dear
The loved—the lost—had been!”

We conclude with another exemplar:—

“TO DEATH.

“Stay—stay, insatiate Death!
Strike not the babe upon its mother’s knee,
Tis all too bright and beautiful for thee:
Wait longer for thy prey.”

“Leave the fair cheek to bloom,
The glancing eye to shed its holy beam,
Stay not the glad step on the village green:
Wait yet awhile, O Death!

“Arrest not manhood’s dream!
Fling not the cypress o’er the lover’s bower!
Chill not the soft blush of the roseate flower
Which blooms before thee, Death!

“Touch not the poet’s heart—
Worship the burning shrine thou findest there;
Gaze on his wreath-bound brow; spare—spare—oh spare
The lute—the coronal!

“Too soon—too soon, O Death!
Thy shaft will strike th’ impassioned votary down,
The shrine extinguish—and the wreathed crown
Wither within thy grasp.”

“Hie to the battle field,
Call the proud soldier mid his glories won,—
The flags are waving, and the setting sun
Shall gleam above his grave!

“Go to pale Misery’s door,
List to the breathings of despair and pain;
Stay the rash hand, nor let one fatal stain
Witness against thee, Death!

“List to the lone heart’s prayer;
Breathe gently o’er that one whose faith is dead,
Whose hopes are withered, and whose dream is fled;
Take—take the lonely—Death!

“Yet stay awhile, O Death!
Strike not the babe upon its mother’s knee,
Tis all too bright and beautiful for thee,
Wait longer for thy prey!”

Nimrod: a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts. Pp. 251.

Pickering.

THAT there is both solid matter and poetry in this long drama we are free to confess; but altogether they are not sufficient to sustain so great an elevation. Nimrod, like Alexander, misled by the priesthood for their own ends,

“Assumes the God—
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.”

His earthly ties are ruthlessly sacrificed; and Nahmeh, devoted to him in love, perishes, a prey to his mad and blasphemous ambition. There is, besides, a remarkable supernatural machinery of good and bad angels, including Raphael, Satan, &c., whose admixture of celestial and terrestrial concerns is not very easily reconciled to our mind. Here is what the Archpriest says when he has accomplished the destruction of Nahmeh:

“It were not fit Baal’s son
Should ere again hold communion with the cot
From whence, like meteor from a filthy marsh,
He rose to flicker wildly till we gathered
His wayward beams to lighten up for us
The temple of our power. His mother weeps;
The mother who bore Nimrod could not weep;
If Nimrod could disown her, she must die.
She is dead! The father’s weaker soul might bend,
And groan, and rave! Thy look shows him too dead.
While Nahmeh, the all peerless cottage girl,

Whose artless dignity makes thee her slave,—
Her slave, I see it fool, and thence thy shame;
Dare not to stammer forth a needless lie—
She, too, would die; yet thou hast brought her here,
And she is come all harnessed in high thoughts,
To prove her love for Nimrod, to reprove
The Nimrod he is now, and then to die:
Her Niobe, his widow, seeks him in the grave,
And she, his widow, seeks him in the grave.
Our warrior king now overspreads the world;
The world for peace and her hath now no place;
Through death alone to peace can Nahmam escape.
Thou seest I read thy thoughts, Nahmam must die,
Or Nimrod soon would spurn our Baal and us.
They thoughts are now all told."

The Marriage Looking-Glass. Written as a Manual for the Married and a Beacon to the Single. By the Rev. T. C. Boone. Pp. 335. Bogue.

FANCIFUL and desultory, passing from grave to gay with rapid motion, this volume treats of matrimony in all its forms and relations; its precedents, its felicities, its griefs, its troubles, its consequences, its bonds and their separation. Much of acute observation and excellent advice are notable in this original volume. At the same time its contents are so miscellaneous, and often so amusing, we can hardly tell whether Heraclitus or Democritus is the inspiring philosophy. To the former we shall not in our brief illustration do much homage, but rely on the latter for some entertaining matter. In the first dissertation on conjugal happiness, after just pictures and sensible reason on the most usual state of the parties, Mr. Boone says:—

"From our previous remarks it may appear that we consider the husband generally to be the cause of domestic misery. Many, we are convinced, would not agree with us, were we to record such an opinion.

"Let us endeavour to be just, and, *en raillant*, make an extract from a sermon, which a henpecked divine actually concluded thus,—Married women, let this be your motto, and let it be woven with threads of gold in the ornaments of your heads,—viz., LOVE, HONOUR, AND OBEY; and carry it, accordingly, in your practices towards your husbands, and I am persuaded that you'll find as great a scarcity of bad husbands then, as there is of good wives now.

"On a square stone in the long aisle of the venerable abbey of St. Albans, we read the following inscription:—

"In memory of
THOMAS SHEPPARD,
Son of THOMAS and MARY SHEPPARD,
Died, February 15th, 1766, aged 30 years.

Great was my grief, I could not rest;
God called me hence.—He thought it best;
Unhappy marriage was my fate;
I did repeat when it was too late."

"The contentions of wife are a continual dropping," says the wise man, (*Prov. ix. 13.*) and (saith Bishop Hopkins, on the place) "it is such a dropping as will, at last, eat and fret through his very heart, though it were made of stone." One of the best ministers that ever knew for piety, learning, and good nature, (famous for learned tract,) had (saith a late writer) a hard name, because of his wife's complaints. He would say, all was a little domestic talk; but that domestic talk broke his heart, that before he died, he said,—God hath blessed me with some parts, that I now begin to be useful in the world, and must I now go out of the world through the humour of a woman? And many (saith he) die of the same disease. It is impossible to determine who was in the right or the wrong in these bygone events, but looking around us in our generation, we may concede it to be a miserable state of things when the husband knows not how to rule, nor the wife how to obey.

"On the other hand, too, let us remember how soon, and how easily, the mildest temper may be spoiled. After a series of lamentable trials and vexations, a great change will occur, even to the sweetest disposition. The mildest persons will necessarily take a defensive position, the hesitating will become resolute, while, alas! the headstrong will become even more turbulent than before.

"Here let us append an admonitory remark. The chief causes of human misery are, our selfishness

and the want of consideration and reflection. There are many persons who make no endeavour to resist their selfish habits, and many others who unfortunately experience and confess that *selfishness is the hydra we are perpetually combatting; but the monster has so much vitality, that new heads spring up as fast as the old ones are cut off.*"

The Honey-moon and Death-bed furnish two chapters of very opposite nature; but we leave them for a more curious anecdotal division, entitled "Marriage Vagaries." The story of Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, is well told in it, and may be new to the majority of our readers:

"At the time of his father's death, from whom he received very considerable property, he was only thirteen months old. When he arrived at years of discretion, he came to the determination of forming his character after the antique model of the most virtuous among the Greeks and Romans, scorning to adopt the prevailing fashion of wearing powder, &c. Yet, surprising as it may be, the principles he adopted in early youth, became the rule from which he never swerved in after life.

"Having paid his addresses, when very young, to a somewhat flighty lady, who rejected him, he conceived a strong antipathy to the then mode of female education, and formed the romantic resolve of training a young damsel to his own taste. According to the narrative, she was to be simple as a mountain girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.

"So soon as he became of age, he visited the hospital for foundling girls at Shrewsbury.

"Having given ample testimony of his own moral conduct, and the most satisfactory security for their future provision, he was permitted to select two little girls, with the intention of educating them after his own fashion, and marrying the one who should prove the most successful in gaining his esteem and affection. They were both beautiful: the fair one he called Lucretia,—the brunette, Sabrina. The more quietly to pursue his own plans, he removed to France, where, during their sickness, and in consequence of his not having taken an English servant with him, he was frequently compelled to perform the part of a nurse or a domestic to his young charge. His courage shortly began to cool, so that he returned to England, and was glad enough to rid himself of Lucretia, by placing her under the care of a milliner.

"Sabrina was now to be taught the virtues of Arria, Portia, Cornelia; to be imbued with stoic indifference to pain and fear.

"But, alas! the bud of promise broke under the trial. When melted wax was dropped upon her naked arms, she flinched and wept; when she was fired at with pistols, she started and screamed.

"Yet the worst remains to be told. She conceived a strong dislike to study, and was utterly incapable of keeping a secret. All the little private matters entrusted to her confidence, by way of trial, were revealed as inviolable secrets by her to her playmates, and, as might be supposed, rapidly found their way back again to the ear of the amiable but fanatical patron. He was now, therefore, as happy to part with Sabrina, as he had previously been to dispossess himself of Lucretia. After other severe disappointments, he met with a lady of rank, fortune, age, and education similar to his own. She pardoned his eccentricities for the sake of his sterling virtues; and so great was their conjugal happiness, that after his premature death, the result of a kick from a colt, which he was training in a style similar to the discipline he practised upon Sabrina, his lady refused again to behold the light. At midnight, when the gloom was congenial to her sorrows, she rambled about her neglected grounds, and at the expiration of two years died of a broken heart! Such, at all events, is the tradition."

Farther on, Mr. Boone writes:

"When we perceive an elderly lady married to a very young man—a feeling of compassion, approaching contempt, involuntarily arises in our mind, which we are unable to suppress. We almost feel a desire, though an ignoble one, to present her a copy of

Hogarth's picture of the young rake marrying the ancient person with one eye. At a dinner party, lately, a lady of our acquaintance was placed next to a very young officer. Observing demonstrations of familiarity—and what is called, telegraphing—between him and a very elderly lady on the opposite side of the table, our acquaintance observed, What beautiful feathers your grandmother wears! Grandmother! said the young officer, evidently delighted at the joke—that is my wife. On an apology being made, he replied—I forgive it with all my heart. Luckily she did not hear you, or she never would have done so. When assembled in the drawing-room, the young gentleman amused himself by chucking his wife under the chin, and playing sundry other tomfooleries. Highly gratified, the venerable lady turned to a female friend on the right—Is he not a fine fellow?—did you ever see so handsome a man? And this handsome man availed himself of this opportunity, and politely whispered in the ear of our acquaintance, Do you understand what all this means? I WANT ONE OF HER CABRIGE-HORSES FOR MY CAB."

"Would that such marriages were not generally productive of great unhappiness to the wife, and the cause of great profligacy on the part of the juvenile husband!"

Again, the widow furnishes a theme:

"How frequently has our heart bled, we had almost said wept, within us, when we have witnessed the coqueting widow counterfeit the young girl. The sight to us is not only unnatural, but abhorrent, repulsive, disgusting. We have but too frequently heard a woman say, I married once to please my friends; the next time it shall be to please myself."

"However beautiful the creature, we could never afterwards behold her without experiencing a sensation of shivering.

"Heaven be praised (said Belisa, on going out of mourning for her husband), I have now fulfilled a grievous and painful piece of duty; it was time it should be over. To see oneself delivered up at the age of sixteen to a man whom we know nothing of; to pass the best days of one's life in dulness, dissimulation, and servitude; to be the slave and victim of a love we inspire, but of which we cannot partake, what a trial for virtue! I have undergone it, and am now discharged; I have nothing to reproach myself with; for though I did not love my husband, I pretended to love him, and that is much more heroic. I was faithful to him, notwithstanding his jealousy—in short, I have mourned for him. This, I think, is carrying goodness of heart as far as it can go. At length, restored to myself, I depend on nothing but my own will, and it is only from to-day that I begin to live. Ah! how my heart would take fire, if any one should succeed so far as to please me."

We have only to add that the work concludes in a melancholy strain, with a sorrow belonging to the author alone. It is a tribute to the memory of an admirable departed wife. Here feeling predominates over the disposition elsewhere shown to unite pleasure with excellent moral and religious inculcations. Some references to persons are not to our taste. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, can never be known in such cases, and therefore we consider it to be erroneous to quote, and build reasoning upon them. With so slight a censure we will finish by stating that this is a Boon for all social purposes, and deserves to be well received by Married and Single, so that, as the old toast has it, it may help to make the Single Married, and the Married Happy.

Sketches of the Last Naval War. From the French of Captain La Gravière. By the Hon. Captain Plunkett, R.N. 2 vols. Longmans.

We cordially recommend this publication. It has the extraordinary merit of being a fair and truthful treatment of the subject by a French author—the contrast to M. Thiers, whose misrepresentation and misstatements are a disgrace to himself and the literature of his country. An able and impartial introduction dwells on the character of the work, and points out instances of its fidelity and accuracy, and also of the very few cases in which the writer has fallen into

error. It will, therefore, be seen at a glance, that such a book is of great value, were it only to correct exaggerations and falsehoods in the historians of either France or England, and set up a genuine standard by which we can safely test them both. This merit is enough to place it in every collection of useful books; and we shall only notice a collateral remark of the translator's, leaving the Nile, Trafalgar, and the rest, to be again fought over in the just and vivid descriptions of Captain La Gravière. The remark to which we allude is a very important one on the question of impressment:—

"As another war would not begin just at the point where the last left off, we should again have to establish that superiority which cost us some effort before it was attained, and which we have sometimes hazarded in our peace-time apathy. We have elsewhere expressed some misgivings as to our early endeavours should war come upon us suddenly; and though government has done much, very much, in the way of preparation, yet while we rely on *impressment* as our only resource for manning the Channel fleet, it must ever be doubtful whether the drama of war will open with the news of a victory abroad or a mutiny at home. Those who only look at the past, and make no allowance for the altered views and feelings of all classes in the present day, will picture to themselves press-gangs as successful, and sailors as submissive, as they were half a century ago; but those who look at the general tone of feeling among the lower orders in 1848, will hope that the experiment may not be made. We have latterly expended so much on the 'matériel' of the navy, and provided so amply for the construction of future fleets, that public opinion has taken alarm at our large and increasing naval estimates. But upon the points where we are weakest as compared with other powers, the means of getting a sufficient supply of seamen for any sudden emergency, we have as yet done but little; although it was the consciousness of that weakness which created a distrust in our wooden walls, formerly unknown in England, and which gave importance to the question of our 'national defences.' Had our means of procuring sailors for the fleet when wanted, borne any proportion to our naval resources in all other respects, we should never have heard the question of foreign invasion mooted; nor would a well-grounded feeling of insecurity, resting upon the experience of recent years, have possessed the admiralty; nor, least of all, would naval officers have been found to urge the creation of a land force to guard our shores. A good law of naval recruitments, giving the state the same power over the maritime population as the French government possesses, would have done more to inspire Englishmen with just confidence in their navy, and foreigners with salutary respect, than all the expensive augmentations of our already formidable force."

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

The very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, &c., of the gentle Lord de Bayard, &c.

(Second notice.—Conclusion.)

We could not dismiss this remarkable picture of ancient life in a single Gazette, and resume it, agreeably to our promise, confessing, at the same time, that we can only do it scanty justice in two. We left with the raising of the siege of Ferrara; and the sequel is now to be told.

"I must (says the author) pass over many interesting and important events which took place in Italy; for the time would fail me to tell of all the skirmishes between the French and the Venetians; of the arrival in Italy of the nephew of Louis the Twelfth, the gentle Duke de Nemours, Gaston de Foix, who well deserves a special chronicle; of the siege and capture of Lignago by the French under the Lord de Chaumont; of the second siege and capture by the French of the castle of Montselles; and of the shameful defeat and destruction of a French skirmishing party from Lignago led by Guyon de Cantiers, who fell into an ambuscade prepared for him by the Venetian captain

Andrea Gritti. I must however speak of a wondrous pitiful event which occurred soon after the taking of Lignago.

"Great numbers of people had fled their homes on account of the war; and about two thousand persons, men and women, amongst whom were some of greatest note in the country, had retired to a cave in a mountain near the village of Longaro. This cave was nearly a mile long, and they had conveyed thither great stores of provisions, as well as some munitions of war and haubecutes to defend the entrance; which was nearly impregnable, for only one person could enter at a time. The adventurers, who the more worthless they are in war are ever the more ready to pillage, came to the entrance of the cave which is called in the Italian language the grotto of Longaro. They wished to enter; but were civilly requested to depart, as they could gain nothing there, those who were within having left all their effects in their houses. These rascals did not take their prayers in payment, but attempted to force an entrance, which the others would not permit, and fired two or three shots at them, which killed two on the spot. The rest went to seek their comrades, who, ever ready for mischief, soon arrived, and knowing they could not enter by force, bethought themselves of a dastardly and wicked scheme; for they collected at the aperture a quantity of wood, straw, and hay, and set fire to it, which soon produced so horrible a smoke in the cave, to which there was no other admittance for the air, that all within were suffocated and died a martyr's death without being ever touched by the fire. There were several gentlemen and ladies, who, after the fire was extinguished and the place entered, were found dead, the latter with their infants by their side as though they were asleep. It was a horrible and piteous sight. The adventurers got great booty; but the grand master and all the captains were marvellously displeased, and above all the good Knight, who spent the whole day in discovering the perpetrators. He seized two of them, of whom one had lost both his ears, and the other, one; and they were hung in his presence by the provost of the camp before the grotto. Whilst this was doing there emerged from the cave, as if by miracle, a young lad about fifteen, who seemed more dead than alive, and was quite yellow with the smoke. The good Knight inquired of him how he was saved. He replied that when he saw the smoke so thick, he retired to the further end of the cave where there was a very small crevice in the mountain by which he obtained air. He added a piteous thing, which was, that several gentlemen and their wives, when they perceived them applying fire, wished to make a sortie, knowing their death was otherwise inevitable; but the peasants who were with them, and much the most numerous, would not suffer them, but opposed them with the points of their rances, saying that they should die as well as themselves. And thus they were assailed at once by the fire and by their own people.

"On the march from Longaro to Montselles, the Lord d'Alegre and the good Knight, with the Lord Mercurio and his Albanians (he being then in the Emperor's service), fell in with some light horse of the state of Venice, called Croats, who are more Turks than Christians, and who had come to see if they could carry off any booty from the camp. They were all, however, taken prisoners, and amongst them the lord Mercurio recognised the captain, who was his cousin-german, and had ousted him by force from his inheritance in Croatia, and was the greatest enemy he had in the world. He upbraided him with the injuries he had done him, and observed, it was now in his power to take vengeance. The other admitted it was true, but said he had been taken in fair war, and ought therefore to go free on payment of such ransom as was in his power to give, and he offered six thousand ducats and six handsome Turkish horses. 'We will speak of that more at leisure,' said the lord Mercurio, 'but on your faith, were I your prisoner, as you are mine, what would you do with me?' The other replied, 'Since you press me so strongly on my faith, I tell you that if you were at my mercy, as I am at yours, all the gold in the

world would not save you from being cut in pieces.'

'Truly,' said the Lord Mercurio, 'I will treat you no worse.' He commanded his Albanians in his language to handle their knives, who instantly brought their scimitars into play, and there was neither captain or other who did not receive a dozen more wounds than were enough to insure death. They then cut off their heads, which they stuck on the points of their espadrillo lances, and said they were not Christians. They had a strange head-dress, for it was like a young lady's hat; and where the head was inserted, was lined with five or six folds of paper, so that a sword could have no more effect upon it than on a secrette."

The battle of Bastide ensued, where "the enemy fought for a good hour; but at last lost the field, and took to flight. The Duke and the French made a great slaughter of them; for there were slain between four and five thousand foot, and above sixty men-at-arms; and more than three hundred horses were taken, together with all their baggage and artillery; so that every one had difficulty in carrying off his booty. I know not how chroniclers and historians have elsewhere spoken of this battle of La Bastide, but they had not for a hundred years been one better fought nor at so great hazard. However, the risk must needs have been incurred, or the Duke and the French were lost. They returned in triumph to the town and were received with great applause; particularly by the good Duchess, who was a pearl among ladies; and gave them daily banquets and entertainments in the Italian style. One may venture to say that there was not a princess of her time more beautiful, good, sweet and courteous. She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian and French, and very tolerable Latin, and composed in all these languages; and it is certain that, bold and wise a prince as her husband was, he was indebted to his lady's graciousness for many great services that were rendered him.

"When the Pope heard of the defeat of his troops at La Bastide, he swore to be revenged, and would have forthwith besieged Ferrara, but was dissuaded by his captains, and particularly the Duke d'Urbino, who would willingly have had him friends with the King of France. They represented to him the difficulty and danger of such an enterprise, and could scarcely prevail with him; for he repeated a hundred times a day, 'Ferrara! Ferrara! I will have thee by the body of Christ!' Failing in his attempts to carry on a correspondence with his partisans in the town, and six or seven of his spies having by the vigilance of the Duke and the good Knight been seized and hanged, he bethought him of an atrocious scheme. This was to make overtures to the Duke, promising to give one of his nieces in marriage to the Duke's eldest son, to forego all his claims, and moreover to make him the sacred standard bearer and captain general of the Church, provided he would send away the French troops. He thought that if this were done, the French on leaving Ferrara would be at his mercy; and vowed that not one of them should escape. He employed as his messenger to the Duke one Master Augustin Guerlo, a great adept in intrigue and treachery, but who suffered for it at last, for the Lord d'Aubigny some time afterwards had him beheaded at Brescia, where he was practising his treason against him."

The plot failed, and as the war proceeds, we meet with a curious story of a conjuror, which we must quote as a sample of credulity not to be laughed at till mankind are wiser than they are even in our day.

"The noble Duke de Nemours, learning that the Spaniards were threatening to besiege Bologna, assembled his troops at Fynal near Ferrara, and himself with the greater part of his captains, especially those whom he most loved and trusted, spent two days at a little town called Carpia. Here they supped with the lord of the place, Count Albert Mirandula, and in their conversation mention was made of an astrologer, who displayed a marvellous knowledge both of past and future events. Nothing is more certain than that all true Christians should hold that God alone knows the future; but this astrologer of Carpia foretold so many things to so many sorts of

people, which afterwards came to pass, that he set all the world a musing.

"The gentle Duke de Nemours, with the appetite which young people have for what is new and marvellous, prayed the Count to send for him, which he immediately did. He proved to be about sixty years of age, spare of form and of an average height. The Duke showed him his hand and asked him what it portended; and he made a fair reply. Amongst other things the Duke asked him if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spaniards would stay and that the battle. He answered that they would, and that the battle would take place either on Good Friday or Easter Day, and would be very severe. He was asked who would be victorious; his answer was in these words; 'The French will remain masters of the field, and the Spaniards will suffer the heaviest loss they have experienced these hundred years; but the French will gain but little, for they will lose so many good and honourable men as will be to their great damage.' He spoke marvels. The Lord de La Palisse asked him if he should fall at this battle. He answered, no; that he would live at least a dozen years longer, but that he would die in another battle. He said much the same to the Lord d'Hybercourt, and told the captain Richebourg that he would be in great danger of being killed by lightning. In short there was scarcely one of the company who did not inquire his destiny.

"The good Knight treated the matter as a jest, but the gentle Duke de Nemours prayed him to ask what would befall him. He replied 'I ought not, for I am sure it will be no great matter; but if you desire it, I will'; and he asked the astrologer if he should ever be a great and rich man. He answered; 'You will be rich in honour and virtue, as ever was captain in France; but fortune's favours you will not enjoy, nor do you seek them. You will serve another king of France after him you now serve, who will love and esteem you much; but envious men will prevent his conferring on you great favours, or the honours you deserve; but be always assured that the fault will not be his.' 'And shall I escape from this battle, which you say will be so fatal?' 'Yes, but you will die in war, within a dozen years at furthest; and will be killed by fire arms, for otherwise you would not so end your days; for you are too much beloved by those under your command for them not to sacrifice their lives rather than leave you in peril.'

"Observing that the Duke de Nemours made much of the Lord de La Palisse and the good Knight, he drew them both aside, and said to them in Italian; 'Gentlemen, I plainly see that you love this gentle prince, your chief; and he well deserves it. Look to him on the day of battle, for his destiny threatens that he shall fall in it. If he escapes, he will be one of the greatest and most exalted personages that ever came out of France; but it will scarcely be that he will escape. And look well to it, for may I lose my head if ever man were in such hazard of death as he will be! Alas! cursed be the hour in which he spoke so truly! The Duke asked them smiling what he was saying to them, but the good Knight made a jesting reply and avoided answering his question."

The prophecies are all fulfilled. The re-capture of Brescia, by storm, from the Venetians was a terrible business, in which Bayard was almost mortally wounded, having "received a wound in the upper part of the thigh from a pike, which entered so deep that it broke, and the iron head and part of the staff remained in the wound. He thought from the pain he felt that he was mortally wounded, and called to the Lord de Molart, 'Comrade, lead on your men, the town is gained; for me, I can go no further, for I am a dead man.' The blood flowed from him copiously, and that he might not die without confession, he was forced to be carried out of the press by two of his archers, who stanch'd his wound as best they could with their shirts, which they tore up for the purpose.

"The Lord de Molart, who regretted bitterly the loss of his friend and countryman, (for they were both of the scarlet of gentility,) like a furious lion, bent on vengeance, pressed the enemy heavily, supported by the good Duke de Nemours and his band, who had

heard in passing that the good Knight had gained the first fort and was mortally wounded, at which the Duke was as much grieved as if he had received the blow himself. The Venetians were forced to evacuate the citadel, and attempted to retire into the town and raise the drawbridge; but they were so hotly pursued that both parties entered pale mule into the great square, where was drawn up in order of battle the whole Venetian force of heavy and light horse and infantry.

"Here the lansquenets and French adventurers showed themselves gallant companions. The combat raged for half an hour or more; the townsmen and women throwing down from the windows great blocks of stone and boiling water upon the French, and doing them more injury than the fighting men. At length the Venetians were defeated, and in that large square there slept, never to wake again, seven or eight thousand of them. The rest sought to escape from street to street, but were met and slaughtered like swine. Master Andrea Gritti and other captains were on horseback, and riding straight for the Saint John's gate, had the drawbridge lowered and attempted a sally, crying, *Saint Mark! Italy!* but it was a feeble shout of voices faint with fear. No sooner was the bridge lowered than the Lord d'Aleger, like a watchful leader, rushed over it with his men-at-arms, and shouting *France! France!* charged the Venetians, most of whom were borne to earth. Master Andrea Gritti was taken prisoner, and not one escaped being either taken or killed. It was one of the most dreadful assaults ever seen, for there fell of the soldiers of the Signory and the townspeople, above twenty thousand, whilst the French had the good fortune to lose but fifty men. When they were weary of slaughter they fell to plundering and demolishing, and not even the monasteries escaped. The booty was estimated at three millions of crowns. It is certain that the taking of Brescia was the ruin of the French in Italy; for they got so much plunder that the greater part of them returned to France and quitted the war; and these would have done good service on the day of Ravenna, of which you will hear by and by."

But we need not follow the theme out to the end. The Duke of Nemours was slain in this disastrous battle, and the French driven with great loss out of Lombardy; and again "the good Knight was wounded between the neck and the shoulder by a ball which carried away the flesh and laid bare the bone. Those who saw it thought he was killed; but he who was never frightened at anything, and knew that this was not the time to show fear, though he felt himself seriously wounded, assured his companions it was nothing. They stanch'd the wound as best they could with moss from the trees, and bound it with linen which the soldiers tore from their shirts, for they had no surgeon with them, by reason of the bad weather.

"The French recrossed the mountains, and went into quarters; and the good Knight betook himself to Grenoble to visit his good uncle the Bishop, whom he had not seen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever; whether the effect of his great exertions of many years, or of the wound he received at the retreat from Pavia, I know not; so that his life was despaired of. The poor gentleman, enfeebled by disease, uttered such piteous complaints, that he must have had a hard heart who could have refrained from tears on hearing them. 'Ah! Lord,' he exclaimed, 'since it was thy good pleasure to take me from this world thus early, why didst thou not suffer me to die with that gentle prince the Duke de Nemours, and my other comrades on the day of Ravenna? or to fall at the storming of Brescia, where I was so severely wounded? Alas! I should then have met a happier death, for at least I should have died like my ancestors on the battle field. Lord, by thy favour I have escaped death so often in battles, assaults, and skirmishes; and now I must die like a maiden in my bed! Yet, though I would fain have it otherwise, thy will be done. I am a great sinner, but I hope in thine infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, I have greatly offended thee; but had I

lived longer, I had good hope to have amended my evil ways.'

"Thus did the good Knight express his regret, and then because he was burning from the great fever which possessed him, he addressed himself to my lord Saint Anthony, saying, 'Ah! glorious confessor and true friend of God, Saint Anthony! All my life I have so loved and trusted in thee; and thou leavest me to burn in such extreme heat that I desire only speedy death. Alas! and dost thou not remember that during the war against the Pope, being at Rubera in one of thy houses, I preserved it from being burnt, which it had been, had I not, in honour of thy holy name, taken up my quarters there, though it was without the fortress, and in danger of the enemy, who night and day might have paid me a visit without finding anything to prevent them? And yet I preferred remaining a month in this fashion to thy house being destroyed. At least I beseech thee to allay this my great heat, and entreat God for me that he will either soon take me from this miserable world, or restore me to health.'

"So piteously did the good Knight bewail himself that all the bystanders melted into tears, including his good uncle the Bishop, who was continually in prayer for him. And not he only, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, monks and nuns were night and day offering up prayers and orisons for him. And it could not be but that amongst so many people there must have been some good person whose prayer the Lord would hear; as was sufficiently apparent; for by degrees the fever left him; he began to sleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight or three weeks was quite recovered, and as lusty as ever; taking his pleasure in visiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from house to house.

"The good Knight you must understand was not a saint. Now there dwelt in the town a poor gentlewoman who had a very fair daughter of fifteen years of age. Her poverty was so extreme that to procure subsistence she prevailed upon her daughter, partly by persuasion and partly by compulsion, to suffer herself to be secretly conducted one evening to his lodgings by a varlet of his. Returning late from a banquet in the town the good Knight found her in his apartment. She was lovely as an angel, but her eyes were swollen with weeping. Seeing her in this plight, he asked her what ailed her, and if she knew why she was come there. The poor girl threw herself on her knees, and said, 'Alas! yes, my lord, my mother has insisted on it, nor would I have done so without compulsion; but my mother and I are so poor that we are dying of hunger; and would to God I were dead, so I might not be of the number of unhappy girls, and in dishonour all my life.' And so saying she wept so violently that there was no pacifying her.

"When the good Knight perceived her noble courage, he said to her almost with tears; 'Truly, my friend, I will not be so wicked as to seek to alter your virtuous resolution.' And changing vice into virtue, he took her by the hand, wrapped her in a cloak, and making his varlet take a torch, he conducted her to a female relative of his who lived near, under whose charge he left her.

"The next morning he sent for the mother, and asked her if she were not a miserable wretch to be willing to render her daughter vicious. The poor woman, ashamed and afraid, could only answer that they were in the extremity of poverty. 'Well,' said the good Knight, 'never do so vile a thing as to sell your daughter, who is a gentlewoman. You should be severely punished. Tell me now, has no one ever asked her in marriage?'—'Yes indeed,' said she, 'a neighbour of mine, an honourable man; but he requires six hundred florins, and I have not the half of them.' 'And if he had them, would he marry her?' said the good Knight. 'Yes, assuredly,' answered she. He then took his purse and handed her three hundred crowns, saying; 'Here, my friend, are two hundred crowns, which are more than equivalent to six hundred florins of this country, to marry your daughter withal; and a hundred crowns for her wedding gear.' He then presented the mother with

another hundred crowns for herself, and desired his variet not to lose sight of them till he had seen the daughter married; which she was three days after, and kept a very creditable house, taking her mother to live with her. I believe you have never read in chronicle or history a more courteous, liberal, and honourable action than this of the good Knight."

And with this singular picture we conclude, though our hero returned to Italy, and was killed in conducting an orderly and valiant retreat in the face of an overwhelming force.

The account of his death is "wondrous pitiful;" but we must refer to the book for it, and finish our task with one of the most characteristic works we ever read, with the summation of his merits.

"Suffice it then to say that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him, being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth, were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: He was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat."

Scenes of 1792; or, a Tale of Revolution. By the Rev. G. D. Hill, M.A. Pp. 225. Rivingtons.

Pur this little volume into all hands: it will do good, especially in these times. It traces in a vivid manner the French Revolution of 1792, and its progress from bad to worse, till the author ends with the horrible September massacres in cold blood, or rather in mad frenzy, of many thousand priests and prisoners. To this complexion, it is too much to be feared, all such violent changes must come, sooner or later. The motion on the *Montagne Russe* is slow and easy at first; but anon it becomes an irresistible avalanche; and who can avert its spreading destruction on all around, above, below.

A frightful set of passions are set afoot. In the higher places of governing powers have we not already seen Ambition and Convenience adopted as the bases of action, and national treaties and solemn engagements thrown to the wind as waste paper? Such are the political rules of this our day: everything is in a condition to be scrambled for. On! and d—l take the hindmost, and *sauve qui peut*. The good old plan is being enacted on a universal scale—

"That he may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can."

Then, descend to the masses. Have we a right to expect aught better there? No, truly no! The People is a noble word—a word of force and power; but let the dispassionate look round, and see who are represented under that title. The idleness and crime of all Europe are loose, contaminating the better multitudes, and working out their own objects of anarchy, plunder, rapine, and murder. Society cannot be in a wholesome condition, when all the worst of the human family are abroad and uncontrolled, like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour.

This little book supplies a pregnant lesson, a

benison, and a hopeful counsel; for the author's reasoning is as sound as his statements are dreadful.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 408, double cols. Chapman and Hall.

A FRONTISPICE from Webster's most admirable and characteristic picture of Dotheboys Hall, with the pupils receiving their morning drench of brimstone and treacle from the wooden spoon (worse than an Oxford or Cambridge one) of Mrs. Squers, ushers this single cheap edition to the wide welcome it will surely obtain from the public. There is also an interesting preface, describing the circumstances which, fortunately for thousands, first directed, and then continued the author's attention towards the grovelling and infamous system of cheap Yorkshire schools. This history did a world of good; for it nearly annihilated that odious fraud, by which the unwary were entrapped, and, too often, those who stood in the way of avarice, or other vile motives, sacrificed. We firmly believe that the victims of Jaggernaut were fewer in number, and less to be pitied, than the victims of Yorkshire boarding-school education.

To these horrors Mr. Dickens opened our eyes; and, if he had never written another line, would have deserved the warm thanks of his country, and the blessings of generations yet unborn. Yet, though the evil is largely abated, there is still enough of the Squers leaven left to render this work one of the most useful admonitory warnings that can be circulated throughout the community. There are many variorum editions of the Dotheboys class, large and small, scattered over the empire; and it is well to have such a guide to enable us to detect any feature of the detestable practice. Therefore, Nicholas has not altogether fulfilled his mission; and, not to mention the interest of the tale, and the originality, sustenance, and true nature of many of the dramatic personae, we may leave this volume to as extensive and valuable a popularity as it enjoyed even in its first and palmy days.

Ancient Sea-margins, as Memorials of Changes in the relative level of Sea and Land. By R. Chambers, F.R.S.E. 8vo. Edinburgh: Chambers. London: Orr and Co.

In this volume Mr. Chambers has fully developed his geological theory, built on the observed levels which he has examined with so much toil and industry, not only in this country, but abroad; and illustrated it in a becoming tone and philosophical spirit. Our readers are aware how much it was impugned by several leading geologists at the British Association meeting at Southampton; where, to say the truth, its author was rather snubbed than heard. In our report of the proceedings, we sufficiently described the hypothesis, the data on which it was supported, and the arguments in opposition. The question is now more formally put forward; and as we do not feel competent to offer a decision where the gravest doctors differ, all we can do is to recommend Mr. Chambers's well-written volume to the attention it justly merits. Many of his facts, independently of his opinions, are very curious and interesting.

Prophecy and its Fulfilment, relating to the principal events in the Life of our Lord, &c., for the use of young persons. By C. P. Lack, Esq. London, R. Yorke Clarke & Co.

THIS little work—an unpretending compilation—embodies a very useful idea, of more importance, perhaps, to the moral well-being of society, than the more laboured elucidations of bulkier brethren.

The author has placed, in clear juxtaposition, the principal prophecies relating to our Saviour—the interpretation of them after eminent divines, and their subsequent fulfilment during the life of our Lord. The selection and arrangement of these prophecies are judicious and clear, and the work will be most beneficial to the young, by carrying their convictions at an age when even apparently transient impressions take such deep root in the mind.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to a clause in the draft of the Act of Parliament, as amended by the committee, which is now before the House of Commons, entitled An Act for the Amendment of the Act, under which Scientific and Literary Societies and Institutions are exempted from Local Rates, &c. &c.

This new Act appears to be only an amendment to the old one; but as a clause in it provides that no society shall have the benefit conferred by the other, on whose premises any servant or officer may reside, it virtually repeals the other Act completely, for we find, in almost all societies and institutions, one or more servants or caretakers residing. Indeed, residence is frequently insisted on, as it is in my case. To meet it fairly, and prevent the officers and servants of literary institutions and societies, who might reside elsewhere, reaping a personal benefit from the old Act, in justice, the new one should go no farther than tax the apartments of those officers and servants, whose residence is not essential to the protection of the buildings, property, &c.

The principle of the first Act should apply to the second, so far as the *public benefit* is concerned; and the new one should also provide, that funds subscribed by government or by private individuals, for educational purposes, should not be diverted to other uses, as poor rates, &c. &c.

In that, the principle of the old Act was just and expedient, but the new one, in its operation, will effectually provide against the object of the old one, which it *will repeal and not amend*, in all cases where a servant or officer, as caretaker, resides on the premises, and protects the property by night as well as by day.

Your earliest and most prompt attention is particularly requested to this matter. The managers of all literary and scientific institutions should immediately take measures to call the attention of Her Majesty's government to the action of the proposed Bill. Members of both houses of Parliament, who take an interest in educational movements, should be requested to oppose the clause referred to, as it will virtually repeal the other Act.

There is another clause in the Act, which leaves an opening to any number of individuals to oppose, one by one, the exemption of the society, &c., and thus keep it in continual litigation with the poor-law guardians &c. So that, though a society might run the risk of being robbed by having no watch on its premises, and so claim exemption from taxation, it might find it better to pay *all taxes* and demands, than have to continually defend its rights under the old Bill, in the manner proposed in the new one.

The date of the outline of the Bill as amended by the committee is the 22nd May 1848, so no time should be lost in taking proper measures to qualify and correct the present movement.—I am, &c.

EDWARD CLIBBORN,
Resident Officer of the Royal
Irish Academy.

Dublin, 28th May, 1848.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHORMIUM TENAX.

THE sole reagent hitherto known, according to M. Vincent, and discovered by him, which could detect whether hempen or linen cloth contained threads of *Phormium*, was nitric acid at 36°. He communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on Monday last, another process that confirms the results obtained by the action of nitric acid. It consists in moistening the tissue or shreds in a solution of chlorine in water; after contact for two or three seconds, pour off the solution, and replace it with a few drops of ammonia; immediately the threads of *Phormium* are coloured a violet red. Inverting the order of these reagents must be avoided, for if the process be commenced with the ammonia, no colouring effect is produced. If this violet red *Phormium* be treated with a few drops of nitric acid, the colour disappears, but after being washed and dried, the characteristic developed by concentrated

nitric acid, namely, a red colour, may be again brought out. Threads of hemp, submitted to the combined action of these reagents, chlorine and ammonia, take a tint slightly rose coloured, which is brightened by soaking in stagnant water, but still not at all comparable to the richness of the colouring which characterizes *Phormium*. Flax retains its primitive colour, and is not in the least affected by the process.

A NEW EQUISETUM.

In the environs of Villeneuve, near Castelnau-dary (Aude), M. Dunal observed in some blocks from the lacustrine strata of the neighbourhood, heaped up round a lime-kiln, cavities, almost cylindrical, from ten to twelve lines in diameter. Examining them attentively, he found on their internal surface impressions of articulations and of sheaths of a large "horse-tail." Other cavities, much smaller, (one to three lines in diameter,) were noticed around the larger, like branches from the parent stem. These cavities in some blocks were four inches long, open at both ends, and of equal diameter throughout; in others, they were shorter, closed with an irregular bottom, almost hemispherical, of the same diameters as the other portions of these openings. The impressions of the sheaths and articulations showed that these latter were very near each other (twenty-one to twenty-two lines apart.) One specimen, well preserved, of a portion of sheath, led to the belief that the entire sheath had twelve to fifteen lobes or teeth, triangular, very sharp, two and a half lines in diameter at their base, and four to five lines high, each marked with three striae, or channelings; the channelings, and the pitted ribs which separate them, are very clearly marked. The whole impressions appear to be those of a new species of "horse-tail," much larger than all the known European species, well characterized by the large diameter of its stem, the shortness of its articulations, the great size of its sheaths and their channelings. M. Dunal, from the latter characteristic, has named it the *Equisetum subcatum*.

GEOL.

May 17.—Sir H. T. De la Beeche in the chair.—Read, 1st.—"On some Fossiliferous Beds in the Silurian Rocks of Wigtonshire and Ayrshire," by Mr. J. C. Moore. The great mountain chain in the south of Scotland has always been remarkable for the scarcity of fossils, which have only lately been found in some portions of it. The beds composing it have a prevalent E.N.E. direction, and one set of valleys follow the same course, whilst another system intersects them nearly at right angles. The latter system seems of high antiquity, as the Bay of Loch Ryan—the most western of these depressions—is partly occupied by strata of clays, sandstone, and conglomerate, containing *Stigmaria* ficoides and calamites. The Silurian rocks were stated to consist of coarse and thin-bedded greywacke and clay slate, which is always without true slaty cleavage, with occasional intervening beds of felspathic trap,—which, in most cases, can be proved to be intrusive by its cutting across the sedimentary beds, and altering them equally on both sides. A section was described in detail along the Irish Sea from the Mull of Galloway to the Corsewall lighthouse, and another further to the east from the Cairn to the river Stinchar in Ayrshire. From the Mull, for about sixteen miles to the north, the rocks are either vertical or dip to the north at a high angle; while from thence to the Corsewall lighthouse they dip, with trifling exceptions, to the south. Within four miles of the Mull, a mass of granite, about two miles square, occurs. In this section three beds are found, containing six species of graptolites and an euomphalus. The two more northern beds occur on the main land near the Cairn, containing the same fossils. Near the Corsewall lighthouse the greywacke puts on a conglomerate form, very remarkable for the size of the imbedded materials,—which are in some cases four or five feet in diameter, and consist of quarziferous porphyry, syenite, serpentine,

&c. The author then described a band of limestone, about four miles further north, which runs along the valley of the river Stinchar, and is seen in five distinct localities. The bed is about thirty feet thick, and dips at a high angle to the south. It contains several fossils,—which have been determined and described by Mr. Salter in the next communication:—2nd—

"On the Fossils from the Limestone in the Stinchar River and from the Slates of Loch Ryan," by Mr. J. W. Salter. These fossils are decidedly Lower Silurian,—and though only two, an orthids and a trilobite, can be identified with those brought from Peeblesshire by Mr. Nicol; yet the whole probably belong to the same set of strata. Some of the fossils have been previously found in Wexford and South Wales; but others seem new species:—3rd—

"On Scratched Boulders," Part Second, by Mr. J. Smith, who ascribes the marks and furrows on rocks and erratic boulders to glacial action in the shape of glaciers, icebergs, or icy shores. In the beds of Arctic shells on the Clyde, he thinks there is proof both of a colder climate and of a sudden proxymal depression of the land in juxtaposition. These beds—in which the shells are found in a perfect state of preservation, as if they had been covered up when still living—are overlaid by beds of finely-laminated clay, in which no fossils have been observed, which he states has arisen from the sea bottom being suddenly depressed below that depth at which only animal life can exist:—4th—

"Observations on the Recent Formations in the Vicinity of Edinburgh," by Mr. J. Nicol. In some sections on the Edinburgh and Leith Railway, the blue clay or till is seen to contain beds of stratified sand. Hence it is inferred that it has not been formed by any sudden convulsion; but by the continuous action of the sea on the strata of the subjacent coal field, at the time when the land was depressed below the ocean. The boulders contained in the clay may have been transported by ice or other causes, and dropped into the mud while it was still soft. In the Pentland Hills a vast number of boulders occur. Some of these, of mica slate, weigh six or eight tons, and must have come from a distance of nearly fifty miles. The author ascribes their transport to floating ice, and accounts for boulders found on hills above the level of the parent rock by the irregular elevation of the land. This movement of the land probably resembled that now seen in Scandinavia,—of which the northern part is rising, whilst the southern portion is sinking.

May 31.—C. Lyell, Esq. V.P. in the Chair.—Read 1st. "On the Colouring Matter of Red Sandstones, and of Greyish and White Beds associated with them," by Mr. J. W. Dawson. The author's remarks apply chiefly to Nova Scotia, where red beds of any great extent first appear in the lower part of the carboniferous system. With them are many beds of a red colour, partly grey or dark sandstones and shales, partly limestone and gypsum. The colouring matter of the red beds is the peroxide of iron, which the author thinks has been derived from the decomposition of the sulphuret of iron in the older Silurian rocks, whose destruction furnished the other materials of the deposit. The absence of colour in the grey beds he ascribes to the influence of decomposing vegetable matter,—they being always accompanied by thin seams of coal, or contain remains of fossil plants. In the harbour of Pictou, a similar change is now seen to take place,—the red mud carried into it by the rivers being changed to grey by the iron entering into combination with sulphur, probably obtained from the sulphates in the sea water, under the deoxidizing influence of decomposing vegetable matter.—2nd. "Remarks on the Structure of the Calamite," by Mr. J. S. Dawes. Though one of the most abundant fossils of the coal formation, the true nature of this plant has hitherto been unknown. A Brongniart considered them as allied to the Equisetaceæ—an opinion very generally adopted, though opposed by Lindley and Hutton in the "Fossil Flora." Mr. Dawes has procured some very perfect specimens, in thin slices of which the structure of the wood is

still apparent. This most nearly resembles that of the Coniferæ, and shows that the plants had a distinct wood and bark. From the specimens obtained, the author concludes that the calamite possessed most clearly a structure only to be met with in a dicotyledon; but with certain characters constituting a link connecting the three great classes of the vegetable kingdom.—3rd. "Notice on the Discovery of a Dragon Fly and a New Species of Leptolepis in the Upper Lias, near Cheltenham, with a few Remarks on that Formation in Gloucestershire," by the Rev. P. B. Dodge. The remains of insects found in the lias have hitherto been confined chiefly to single wings and elytra; and the present is the first nearly perfect insect of this order found in this country. Mr. Westwood considers that it comes nearest to the genus *Diplax*; but the head is unfortunately so shattered that its precise character cannot be determined. The fish from the same locality has been described by Sir Philip Egerton, who names it *Leptolepis concentricus*.

AUSTRALIA.

"Dr. Leichardt's account of his late journey to the westward of the Darling Downs, undertaken with the view of examining the country between Sir Thomas Mitchell's and his own track on his memorable expedition to Port Essington. The dauntless explorer is now engaged in perfecting arrangements for another expedition to Swan River,"—*Adelaide Observer.*

I STARTED from Mr. H. S. Russell's station on the 9th of August last, accompanied by Mr. F. N. Isaacs, Mr. Bunce, Mr. Perry, and my black fellow. We followed the dry track to Mr. Gogg's sheep station, at the head of Acacia Creek, which is a tributary of Dogwood Creek. On the 15th we travelled down Acacia Creek, about twelve miles, W.N.W.; on the 16th we made Dogwood Creek at my old crossing-place, in latitude 26° 24'. The country was scrubby, with a few patches of open forest; the latitude of our camp was 26° 20'. We entered upon a box-flat, which widened as we followed down its dry water-course in a southerly and even south-easterly direction, and when the bricklow scrub, which skirted the flat, ceased, and allowed us to travel to the south-west, we passed for four miles over most beautiful open box-ridges, well-grassed and perfectly sound; this open country extended to the south-east as far as the eye could reach. In latitude 26° 32' we came to a fine creek, with very large ponds of permanent water, surrounded by reeds, and with myalgroves along its banks. The waterholes, though well provided with water, were all boggy, and our mules went rather without water than expose themselves to the danger of being bogged. In travelling to the westward, we soon entered into a dense bricklow scrub, which continued for nine miles, when the country again opened into fine box ridges and undulations.

I am inclined to believe that the open box country of the four last mentioned creeks extends in an easterly direction round the scrub we had crossed to the first box creek, and in a southerly direction to a large creek or river, which is formed by the combined Dogwood Creek and Bottle-tree Creek. Soon after having crossed the largest of these creeks, which we called "Emu Creeks," in consequence of numerous tracks of emus on the young grass, we entered into a bricklow scrub, which became so dense, that after five miles' scrubbing we were glad to follow a very winding watercourse to the south-east; it enlarged into a chain of large deep waterholes, which seemed to be the constant resort of numerous natives, who had constructed their bark gunyas at most of them. Having followed it down for six or seven miles, we encamped in latitude 26° 48'. This creek continues for ten miles south-south east before it meets Dogwood Creek. It becomes rocky; the country opens; but the ground is rotten, and timbered with cypress pine, forest oak, and apple-tree, which is here anything but the indication of good country. Mr. Bunce and my black fellow, who had gone to shoot ducks, had seen a great number of natives, amongst whom they recognised a black fellow and his jin, by a white spot which the latter had on her neck. These two had visited us in our camp at Charley's Creek, when starting for Peak

Bangs. At that time many natives from the Ballonne passed Charley's Creek to go to the Bunya Bunya. The intervening country is generally scrubby; occasionally patches of open forest are very puffy. In this puffy ground, near clusters of cypress pine, we observed the deep burrows of a probably unknown animal. The entrance is a large hole, four or five feet deep, from the bottom of which the burrow passes horizontally under ground. It was about one foot and a half in diameter, and would indicate an animal of the size of the beaver. Its tracks resemble those of a child two or three years old, according to the observations of my companions; its dung resembled that of the kangaroo, and indicated a herbivorous animal. The creek was lined with water-gum and tea-tree, and was well provided with large ready waterholes. At night, when we were sitting round our fire, we heard a loud shrill "pish-sh-sh," the disagreeable call of a night bird; Womma, my black fellow, watched it, and succeeded in shooting it. It proved to be a beautiful little owl, a species of cyclops. Ten miles west of the Yahoo, we crossed another large creek, with large ready waterholes in its sandy bed. The intervening country is covered with a nasty sycamore pine and dodonaea scrub.

Scarcely two miles to the westward we came to sandstone ridges, which were covered with scrub composed of cypress pine, dodonaea, and bricklow, and which extended fully ten miles to the westward. Here another species of acacia, akin to the bricklow, formed a scrub worse than any we have yet met; dead timber made the road extremely circuitous, and the progress slow; and it was frequently overgrown with thick underwood, composed of various interesting aromatic shrubs; it became dangerous for our mules and horses to pass through it. Being tired of an apparently never ceasing succession of these acacia ridges, we followed a watercourse west 30° south for about three or four miles, when we found a good supply of water in a rocky waterhole. Shortly after having encamped, three natives walked boldly up to us, after having cooeyed and having received our cooey in return. Mr. Isaacs and myself met them about fifty yards from our camp, to ascertain, if possible, whether we were near the Colgoon, which we expected soon to see; however, they did not understand us, but parted good friends, after having received three brass buttons each; there was no doubt that they had seen white men before. The country continued open for about three miles to the westward of it, but at that distance a very scrubby mountainous country commenced; this river was the Colgoon.

A dray-road will be found practicable in the dry season from Mitchell's track along the Ballonne and the Condamine (which is one of its principal heads) to Mr. Ewer's station and Darling Downs. Should stations be formed on the heads of these various creeks, the respective roads will have to follow down the creek, and join the main road along the Ballonne, which will be rendered extremely circuitous and difficult, by numerous gullies, back-waters, and deep creeks which join the river. The stations will become very isolated in consequence of those broad belts of scrubby country intervening between the creeks. The natives appear to form powerful tribes along the Ballonne and its numerous lagoons, and would be dangerous enemies along the scrubs, which would allow them a secure retreat from their aggressions. Considering the long and precarious land carriage, and the high rate of wages, particularly in stations so remote, I do not believe that sheep-farming would pay even as far back as the Horse-track River. Cattle-stations might be formed, perhaps, even as far back as Maranoa, which at camp Eighty of Sir Thomas would be very eligible for the purpose. But the road from the camp to Maitland will in all probability be found shorter than that to Moreton Bay.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

YESTERDAY week, one of the mummies obtained by Mr. Arden in Egypt, was unrolled by Mr. Pettigrew, in the atelier of Mr. David Roberts, than which a more appropriate or more interesting place for such a

ceremony, could hardly be imagined. Surrounded by drawings, &c., of the artist's matchless illustrations of the country, Mr. Pettigrew delivered a perspicuous lecture on the various processes by which the ancient Egyptians preserved their Dead; the case generally replete with mythological formula; the wrappings often disclosing the name, and perhaps the rank, of the deceased; and the papyri, when attached in any way to the body, supplying other information of exceeding interest. The belief in the immortality of the soul is demonstrated in every portion of the ritual, in the very act of embalming, in order that the body-receptacle may be saved for the return of the spirit after its metamorphical wanderings; and in the curious emblematic judgment so frequently depicted or recorded, by which we see that the life and actions of the dead were in reality tried by their survivors, and the Amenti and Osiris were little more than the assessors of their verdict. All this, and much more, Mr. Pettigrew explained in a luminous manner, so that the least informed could readily understand what the learned would be pleased to hear summed up in so clear a style. After this, the unrolling of the mummy was skillfully performed, with observations, as the task proceeded, worthy of Mr. Pettigrew's long experience, and his having (we believe) done as much on forty or fifty similar subjects. The Copt in question (for so he was decided to be by his cranial and facial formation) was five feet eight inches in length, Mr. Pettigrew never having met with a mummy above five feet six inches before. The bandages were either of a reddish brown or tan colour, and there was a tape-like stripe of green or blue, which was passed here and there to bind the broader portions and sheets to the body. The edges of these had, in some instances, a selvage of a pattern similar to the separate tape. After the first bandages, running as usual up the sides from the feet to the head, were removed, a thick set of interior pieces were found, and laced at the back like stays. The next roller was about six or seven inches wide, and four and a half yards long. It fitted so closely, that it had evidently been applied wet; and Mr. Pettigrew bestowed an encomium on the old embalmers' neatness in this particular; and it was the more exemplary from their materials (sheets, pieces, or rollers) being excessively ragged and darned, showing how great the consumption of linen, and consequently how high the price, for such purposes in these days. A load of other "trappings" were successively removed, including circular and longitudinal pledges, broader and coloured transverse tapes, and at last sheets rather than rollers. Here was found the head of a dragon fly, and near the shoulder-blade one of those small brown beetles, (half the size of a house fly,) remains of which, and other objects of natural history, have been discovered within the brain-cleared skulls of other inhabitants of the banks of Nilus, three thousand years ago. These were the only extrinsic reliques. No name was on the linen; no scarabaeus was on the breast; no bead was on the neck; no papyrus was anywhere, and the great unknown was only undressed to be delivered over to everlasting obscurity. The usual incision was on the left flank, but the viscera had not been taken out, or, at any rate, had been returned and mixed with sand and pulverized woody fibre. The brains had been abstracted, and some hair, carefully curled, adhered to the back of the head. The hands were close together below the bottom of the abdomen. Altogether, the specimen was a fine one, in perfect condition to demonstrate a mode of embalming of a third or fourth rate class of persons, and probably executed more to the profit of the undertaker than to the desire or price paid by the surviving relatives.

To this sketch we may add, that a hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen attended this lecture, and that the Royal Academy and artists mustered in strong force, for we observed, *inter alia*, Uwins, Stanfeld, Wyon, Macrise, Webster, C. Landseer, Grant, Prout, Jones, Knight, Chalons, Hart, Macdowell, Creswick, Hollins, and a number of antiquaries and other literary men, as the Hon. Mr. Neville, Captain Slade, Messrs. Birch, G. Croker,

Britton, J. Gwilt, Donaldson, Bonomi, Prout, Fairhol, Sir H. Dillon, Arden, Macready, Monroe, P. Fladgate, &c. &c.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, June 1st.—Mr. Hallam, Vice-President, in the chair.—After the minutes of the last meeting were read, and several presents announced, Dawson Turner, Esq. of Great Yarmouth, F.S.A., exhibited to the Society two sets of drawings, illustrative of the fresco paintings, and other ancient remains, in the parish churches of Gateley and Crostwight, in the county of Norfolk. Octavius Morgan, Esq., again laid upon the table his collection of *Nuremberg eggs*, and another set of ancient watches, the property of the Clockmakers' Company, which last were exhibited by favour of B. L. Vulliamy, Esq., Master of the Company.

The Secretary then proceeded to read the continuation of Captain Smyth's letter to Lord Malton, in illustration of an astrological clock belonging to the Society, the first portion of which was read at the last meeting. This curious machine, it appears, was made by Jacob Zech, (*Jacob, the Bohemian*) in 1525, for Sigismund, King of Poland, and presented by him to Bona Sforza, his wife. From that time its story is unknown, till it fell into the possession of Mr. James Ferguson, the well known astronomer, at the sale of whose effects, in 1777, it was purchased by Mr. Henry Peckitt, of Compton-street, Soho, by whom it was bequeathed to the Society of Antiquaries in 1808.

Captain Smyth then entered very particularly into the construction and actual condition; and being convinced, after a strict examination, that the whole machine—box, dial, hands, zodiac, train, bell, ornaments, and armorial bearings—is just as it issued from Jacob's hands, he decidedly pointed out some of the nicest introductions into clock-work, which are usually named as being brought forward in more recent times. In proof of this, he dwelt especially on the balance, the escapement, the fuzee, and the going fuzee; and he closed the memoir with a technical description of the interior works, furnished to him by Benjamin Lewis Vulliamy, Esq.

At the conclusion of this paper, Mr. B. Williams made some observations in correction of a paper on the early use of gunpowder, printed in the last part of the *Archæologia*; but it was stated that a communication on this subject, by Mr. Wright, addressed to the Director, had been in hand for two or three weeks, and would be read next Thursday, which would be the proper time for remarks on the subject.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

May 31st.—Council Meeting.—Mr. Lukis communicated a notice of the discovery in Jersey of some Cromlechs, and also of a vase containing four hundred coins of Constantine, Maximinus, Maximianus, and Licinius, all in excellent preservation. Mr. G. Isaacs gave an interpretation of the mystical letters, A. G. L. A., often found upon medieval rings and other personal ornaments. Messrs. Roach, Smith, and Fairhol reported the result of an excursion made by them to Ludgershall, Salisbury, Portsmouth, and to several places in the south of Sussex. The latter gentleman exhibited drawings of some remarkable specimens of domestic architecture at Salisbury, with internal decorations of houses of the fifteenth century, and of Saxon sculpture in Sompting Church; also drawings of Saxon ornaments, found at Lympne, Kent.

Casts of specimens from a large number of British gold coins, found near Guildford, were exhibited by Messrs. Huxtable and Webster; and casts of silver British coins, found near Blandford, in Dorset, were forwarded by Mr. Durden. There were also exhibited other British coins, inscribed *VIRI, Rev. co. ; TIN, and COMF, Rev. VIR. REX*; found in Hants and Sussex.

Notes were read from Mr. H. Lawes Long, and Mr. Clarke, on some very interesting discoveries now being made by Mr. Drummond, on his estate at

Farley Heath, near Guildford. The foundations of buildings of considerable extent have been laid open, as well as the remains of a potter's kiln, and an extensive series of British and Roman coins, fibulae, and enamelled ornaments, have been brought to light. Mr. Drummond, it appears, is continuing his successful researches. For these important discoveries the antiquarian world is indebted to Mr. M. F. Tupper, who first noticed and led the way to these subterranean treasures.

Mr. Black exhibited some ancient evidences of the manor of Hartwell, Bucks, lately discovered by him in the evidence room at Hartwell House, the property of Dr. Lee, lord of the manor. The principal document is an undated charter of William, son of William de Hertwelle, conveying the manor, &c., to Alice de Luton, and William, her son; the seal is inscribed, "S' WILL'I DE HERTEL." The others are, two original patents of Henry III., dated 18th November, 1270, and 10th April, 1271; and a final concord, levied in Easter term, 55 Henry III., 1271. They all relate to the circumstances under which that estate passed from the family of Hertwelle to that of Luton, and correct several errors in Dr. Lipscombe's history of Buckinghamshire.

The Council then appointed a sub-committee for arranging preliminaries for the forthcoming Congress at Worcester.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Geographical, 8½ p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.
Tuesday. — Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.—Syro-Egyptian, 7 p.m.
Wednesday. — Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8½ p.m.—Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Thursday. — Numismatic, 7 p.m. (anniversary.)
Friday. — Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—Mr. Faraday on the Conversion of Diamond into Coke.
Saturday. — Asiatic, 2 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAVING swept the East, as far as the eye could reach, and made incursions into the Middle and West Rooms, as our subjects or the artists led us, we continue our review, almost numerically, from the catalogue.

No. 290. In a well painted naval "Portrait of Capt. Sir T. Hastings," by F. Gandy, the only example of the artist's talent in the exhibition.

No. 337, "Portrait of Lady Charlotte Guest," R. Buckner. A fine whole length of this lady, so distinguished as a patron and author of Welsh literature, dressed in black, with flowers and a vase gracefully disposed on a table by her side. The pose is firm and natural, and the head expressive. The same artist, though without the magic letters after his name, has also 356, a "Portrait of the Marchioness of Worcester," 364, of "Mrs. Morris," 424, "Lady Ormond and the infant Earl of Ossory," and 445, "Viscountess Sydney." The countenance of Lady Ormond, which might have been lighted by the noble boy on her arm, is looking solemnly out of the picture, and Lady Sydney is almost melancholy. We could wish more animation, and less of the gravity inspired by sitting, in these likenesses.

No. 343. There is more in this, "The Light of the Larder," by W. Maddox, in which the eels especially are alive and leaping, and the other fish and game very cleverly painted.

No. 352, "The Council of Horses," (Gay's Fables,) J. Ward. Streaked and spotted, as fabulous horses have a right to be, the variety of animal life and figure in this circus, show the vigour still unimpaired of the old artist's pencil. There may be a little grotesqueness of fancy, such as Gay himself indulged in, but parts are exceedingly fine, and the distance unexceptionable.

No. 353, "Portrait of J. K. Brunel, Esq." J. C. Horsley. A stout and rather short engineer-looking whole-length, well tanned with the sun, and as if some yellow colour had been left by the gold which so long threatened the life of this worthy scientific son of Sir Isambard. It is a sound characteristic performance, as is 56, "The Stout Gentleman," alias

Mr. R. B. Ward, of Bristol. Among the drawings the genius of the artist is displayed in a higher line of art, *vide* 967, "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso."

No. 369, "A Hunt," by R. B. Davis, and full of his truth. The fox, however, in the exhibition, has run to ground, and the spectator must be down on the room floor to see it.

No. 371, "Portrait of Major-General Sir G. Pollock, G.C.B.,"* S. Lane. Painted for the Oriental Club, a body well able to appreciate what is due to the saviour of England's honour and the Indian empire, when brought to their most perilous trial; whose military skill and immovable firmness and prudence, laid the foundations for all that was afterwards achieved on the Sutlej, Mr. Lane has succeeded in giving a good likeness of this most distinguished officer. It is a little stiff. The Khyber Pass in the distance, scaled by the British troops, is an appropriate, historical, and effective adjunct.

No. 376, "A Lady and Infant Son," G. Patten, must have put something better out of a place. It does not prove portraiture to be the artist's forte.

No. 384, "Portrait of Lady Anne Charteris," J. R. Swinton. A whole-length, the predominating colours (as is the prevailing style in modern portraiture) red and black, but the latter made quite Vandekish by the lace dress, and the graceful figure finely relieved by an open view of the distance from the terrace on which the fair lady stands. No. 537, "The Hon. F. Charteris, M.P.," in the garb of a fisherman, and a bold manly production, as creditable to Mr. Swinton's force, as the preceding is to his taste.

No. 385, "Prince Arthur at the Battle of Caerleon," W. J. Montaigne. Prince Arthur is the battle, and is certainly killing four hundred and forty of the enemy with his own hand. With such an awful slaughter immediately over her head, Lady Anne Charteris might have looked pale and terrified, instead of sweet and placid.

No. 418, "Portrait of C. Rowcroft, Esq.," author of "Tales of the Colonies," R. R. Reinagle. A striking head, an excellent tone of colour, and characteristic treatment throughout, mark this clever portrait; whilst near it, 433, "The Campagna of Rome," presents a rich (rather red) foreground, contrasting effectively and artistically with the blue distance fading into grey at the farthest limit. The aerial tints and perspective objects are skilfully united with a sunset effect, and storm clearing off.

No. 440, "Arlette, the Peasant Girl of Falaise, first discovered by Duke Robert le Diable," P. F. Poole. A bevy of full-bosomed Norman damsels, apparently wantoning rather than washing, (as history hath it,) among the cool streams and shades, have Arlette conspicuous in the centre, demi-nude, and with large eyes turned towards the spot where the father of the Conqueror is acting Acteon. It is a gay and luxuriant scene, and so innocent, that we can hardly believe a naughty English word was ever coined or derived from it. The Duke and his attendants seem too close for their pictorial distance: there is here a want of perspective.

No. 447, "Caius Marcus on the Ruins of Carthage," F. Danby. A glowing circular piece; the figure unimportant, and the ruins in the background as if on fire, or ruddy with the beams of the setting sun. 505, by the same, "The Evening Gun," is a yet grander production. A vessel in the centre fires the signal, and the sky, in layers of dark cloud and the richest lights, tell the tale of evening. But how came Mr. Danby, under such circumstances, to give us a dense black smoke from the canon. Such a thing was never seen; it must have been a misty grey, and transparent with the shine upon it.

No. 455, "Emperor Otho IV. at Florence," &c.,

J. C. Hook. Somewhat in the manner of Stothard, there is much merit in this historical essay. The attitudes of Gauldrada, and, indeed, of nearly all the Florentine damsels are too studied and constrained. The more of nature, and the less of theatrical, we have in such subjects the better.

No. 456, "The Commencement of the Deluge," W. Westall. If we had seen such a beginning we should have been quite distressed at being prevented from seeing the end. The women are tumbling about in the rising waters, and the fish are flying out of them. Nobody, nothing seem in their proper element; and every sort of fun is afloat from one side of the canvas to the other.

No. 458, "The Temptation of Eve," C. Collins. Eve is not tempting, though being tempted. She is a longish, yellowish, not very well-shaped woman; but the apples are the true golden pippins, and the serpent up in the tree an irreproachable Cobra de Capella, or boa constrictor.

No. 461, "Beating the Boundaries of the Parish," E. V. Rippingille. Fifty parochials engaged in this ancient and time-honoured act afford Mr. R. the opportunity he so well can seize of representing every rank of humble-life character. From the gorgeous beadle to the poor workhouse urchin all are in appropriate action; being, and being clothed just as they would be on such a fete day. The lasses are très joli, the lads observant, and the authorities amply dignified, yet condescending. The general aspect is, perhaps, too ruddy, and more variety of tone would improve the scene.

No. 462, "The Son of Mrs. Ireland Jones," J. Sant. Observable, with other merits, for the able management of light and shade.

No. 479, "Henry VIII. and Katherine Parr," E. Armitage, is a caricature, as we thought without the catalogue, of Falstaff and Anne Page; and 545, "Trafalgar," is a shocking picture of the death of Nelson, hung high it is true, but still most displeasing.

No. 484, "The Wayward Child," J. Bridges, is a clever bit, though somewhat waxy. The expression of the sullen and angry child may also be a little too determined for the evanescent passions of infancy; but the group is altogether too attractive to escape the glance round the room.

No. 485, "Christ and the Sisters of Bethany," F. Stone. Leaving the tasteful and beautiful of the world, in which he so excels, the artist has here attempted a sacred theme, to which we have only one, and the slightest objection, to offer, and it is to the dramatic leaning in the attitude of the sister ascending the steps on the left. We believe the stage to be very injurious, even to our best artists, who, whenever they approach its confines, go so far wide of simplicity and Nature, the bountiful mother and nurse of the Arts. In the rest, the holiness of expression, the sobriety of colouring, and the touching character of the Christ, and the female lowly near his feet, are of the purest order of scriptural impersonation. The head of the Saviour does honour to the whole.

No. 493, "Saul and the Witch of Endor," W. C. T. Dobson, is another Bible illustration, but done in quite a different way. The witch is of the Tam o' Shanter genus; and Saul, instead of abject terror, might have been tempted; like Tam, to dream of jumping up to kiss her, notwithstanding her terrible looks.

No. 494, "The High Alps," J. D. Harding, is a splendid landscape, and more need not be said of it; for to enlarge upon its different features would only be to repeat eulogies.

No. 511, "Palmer and Sir Guyon's approach to the Bower of Bliss," W. D. Kennedy. The landscape is very spotty; the "four naked damzells" not afraid to show their rather long legs; and the attitudes of all the nude nymphs enough to perplex the senses of any errant knight or other mortal man. The talent wants a curb and judgment, and it may do good service.

No. 516, "The Boromean Islands," W. Linton. The author of so many magnificent Italian views has not fallen short of his greatest works in this instance. No. 580 is in a different style, with the solid ruins of

* The Pollock medal, presented yesterday at Addiscombe, to the most distinguished student of the season, is another public testimony to the momentous services of General Pollock. It is given by the British inhabitants of Calcutta, and awarded by the East India Court of Directors, and inscribed, "Calcutta, 1842—Treachery avenged—British honour vindicated—Disasters retrieved—British captives delivered—Khyber Pass forced—Jelalabad relieved—Victories of Mamo Khal, Jugdialuck, Texzen, Islahil." What a glorious summary!

Corfe Castle, in half tint, and a noble landscape stretching out on the left. We do not think the artist has chosen the most picturesque point of view for this interesting ruin of the olden times, but he has represented what he chose to adopt with great power and truth.

No. 518, "An Aged Sempstress," a very deserving study. J. Stanesby.

No. 585, "The Battle for the Standard," R. Ansell. An episode from the glories of Waterloo, the anniversary of which is so near, and Sergeant Ewart is the hero of the swelling act. It is grand and highly spirited, the horses thrown together with much energy, and the carnage strewn around. It is, however, curious to remark, that the fatal *thrust* which Ewart is giving his foe does not agree with any of the cuts described in the printed account. Angelo would not pass it.

No. 597, a well-executed "Vase of Flowers," S. St. Jean.

No. 598, "The Action off Camperdown," W. A. Knell. Unacquainted with such scenes of smoke, turmoil, and death, all we can say of this picture is, that the ships and the combatants appear to be "in the thick of it."

No. 607, "Harvey demonstrating to Charles I. the Circulation of the Blood," R. Hannah. Unhappy Charles! Cromwell was the dread demonstrator of this theory. But even here the king is in dark shadow, and devoid of majesty. The youth in blue, beneath the venerable doctor, is the eye of the piece,

No. 609, "Mrs. Buxton and Children," A. Buxton, must, as we remarked on another family group, have ousted some superior work; never saw we so Albino-looking and hair-decked a race.

No. 618, "Dagobert," from Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," a forcible and truly characteristic idea of the ruffian, and not a bad type of too numerous a class who infest the present age.

No. 619, "The Right of Sanctuary," H. Pickersgill, jun., is a composition which displays both mind and skill. The prone fugitive seeking safety on the threshold of the sanctuary, and the monks preserving him by means of the sacred cross, are ably disposed on one side; whilst the armed pursuers, stopped in their vengeful quest, balance them finely on the other. The visages of the crowd behind, add interest to the story, which is well told and well painted.

620, "The Eve of the Deluge," J. Linnell, in the Danby school, and not without Danby merit.

MR. MULREADY'S PICTURES.

THE private view in the Adelphi, on Saturday, was thronged for many hours, and the enjoyment of the treat, we may truly say, without exception, of the most gratifying order. Above two hundred of the artist's paintings, drawings, and studies, arranged on the well-lighted walls of the rooms belonging to the Society of Arts, astonished those by whom the most celebrated of them had been seen isolated during a period of many years, and even by those who had witnessed that portion of them which forms Mr. Sheepshanks' collection, all together, in his delightful gallery. The profusion of the present exhibition could hardly have been expected; nor the excellence in various styles achieved by one hand. We, at least, were not prepared for exquisite little landscapes, for sunlight effects of gorgeous splendour, for rural figures and scenery in the freshest and ruddiest tints of nature, for academic figures of fine anatomical force and beauty, and of designs of every sort, to which truly might be applied what was said of the author, whose Vicar he has so congenitally illustrated, "he touched nothing which he did not adorn." Amongst such a display of art, an attempt at particularization would be a waste of words. Why should we remind the public of the pathetic story of the "Wolf and Lamb?" Why recal the rich colouring and characteristic perfection of "Choosing the Wedding Gown?" or why point to the "Cannon," as a piece of mechanical manipulation joined with English, never surpassed by the most famous effort of any Dutch or Flemish master that ever lived. These are surrounded by worthy comparers;

"Punch," (once finished but now) unfinished,* and bits of still life, touched with inimitable and sparkling precision. The whole are masterly.

We ought to add, that the proceeds of the exhibition are destined to give a commission to the artist to paint a picture for the National Gallery; and, if successful, (as it cannot fail to be) will be followed by similar exhibitions of other artists, and like apportionment of the profits.

Views from the Gardens of Rome, drawn by Geo. Vivian, Esq., and lithographed by Mr. J. D. Harding.

—Some of the Views, and the Lithographs (twenty-five in number, together with some excellent wood-cuts) have been exhibited during the last ten days, by Mr. Maclean, preparatory to the publication of the work which contains them. In the drawings, the well-known illustrator of Spain and Portugal displays talent of the very highest order. He is no dilettante nor amateur, but a perfect artist, and the only good fortune he needed was to have such an artist as Mr. Harding to multiply his finished designs in a manner worthy of them. Now that governments which used to encourage the Arts are overthrown, it is "refreshing" to find individual genius and commercial enterprise united in the production of a volume which would do honour to collective national patronage, and trusting to the encouragement it ought to and surely will receive from every affluent friend and competent judge of the Arts throughout the British empire. It is something to have, in the midst of general confusion abroad and vile distraction attempted at home, to have to record such triumphs of Art, as we have had the pleasure to notice within our present quarter's numbers.

Sale of Sir T. Baring's Pictures.—This is a great season for picture sales. Sir T. Baring's 136 lots brought 11,000*l.*; our modern native artists rising in the competition, and the old masters (few of which were very good) declining. "Hastings," by Stanfield, 220*l.* 10*s.*; "Louthborough," "Fire of London," 240*l.*; Collin's "Boulogne," 241*l.*; (all this artist's productions sold at advanced prices, "Taking Sea-fowls' Eggs," being one, 25*l.* 5*s.*); "View in Hampshire," Nasmyth, 210*l.*; Wilkie's "Sheep Washing," 60*l.*; and "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," 490*l.* 10*s.*; Turner's "Sheerness," 577*l.* 10*s.*; Gainsborough's "Lodge in Windsor Park," 325*l.* 10*s.*; Ostade, Watteau, Teniers, Berghem, Wouvermans, Greuze, Jan Steens, Ruysdael, Hobbema, de Hooghe, &c., generally ranged between 50*l.* and 150*l.*, though some of unquestionable authenticity and merit rose to above 200*l.*, and "A Stag Hunt," by Wouvermans, to 446*l.* 5*s.* Altogether, it was a proud scene for British Art.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, June 6, 1848.

In such times as these, public life engrosses all our faculties, to the exclusion of the productions of art. To public life are devoted all the energies of every thinking man, to whatever class he may belong; and, for my part, I confess to a disinclination to study aught but the aspect of the Boulevards,—the physiognomy, more or less, menacing of the streets,—the speeches, more or less quiet, spouted in those gatherings, one meets now every hundred yards.

Well, Paris has been this week less dismal, less feverish, less disquieting than usual. And yet grounds for alarm were not wanting. For our statesmen had at length perceived that it had become impossible, literally impossible, to close, with the gold of the Budget, the mouths of those restless workmen, whose clamour they had hitherto dreaded as a

* The artistic tale of this is curious enough. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy finished, but on its return Mr. Mulready thought he could heighten some of the effects, and began painting upon it again (as may be detected on close inspection); when it became the property of Sir John Swinburne, and, being hung in an unfavourable light, the discrepancies were not observed, and the darkness finished the business. We hope the artist may be induced to resume his labours on this natural and lively comedy, one of his best conceived and largest pictures.—ED. L. G.

cannon loaded with grape and canister. In consequence, one fine morning, the chief of the Ateliers Nationaux, M. Emile Thomas, was suddenly removed, and packed off to Bordeaux, under a strong escort—*more Louis XV.*—with a marvellous degree of free and easy coolness. The chief once gone, a census is to be made of the workmen, in the ranks of whom many pseudo-artizans had, it appears, contrived to slip unnoticed, abusing the facility with which they were admitted to a participation in the pay of the state, and relieved from all attendance. Many Portiers, for instance, abandoning for a couple of hours the *Loge* in which they were supposed to keep watch, would go and claim their day's wages as workmen in the employ of the state. Work, indeed, did not suffer much thereby, for of work there was little or none. Some ditch, perhaps, was dug, and then filled again—some wall was pulled to pieces to be rebuilt afterwards. Or, as it was said by a witty and literary Gamin, "*On mettait le Seine en Bouteilles*" at two francs per diem.

It was high time to put a term to these disorders. But how was the question to be mooted in the presence of these unreasonable, exacting, and capricious masses, so easily irritated? Many people were of opinion that the first word spoken in that sense would be the signal of a *Fusillade* on all sides. Fortunately those people were mistaken. The census of the workmen has been publicly announced, and will be taken to-morrow. It has been declared, that instead of having day wages, the workmen shall be paid by piece-work, according to the work performed by each; and this method has been accepted. Lastly, and this was the most difficult point, those workmen belonging to other *Départemens* will be sent back to their respective parishes; and if this expulsion, rigorously indispensable, be accomplished without disturbance, you may conclude that we have escaped one of the most serious dangers and embarrassments which mark our present position.

M. Louis Blanc had foreseen, in his *Etudes Sociales*, that the marvellous results of extensive association in matters appertaining to manufacturing industry could not suffice to ensure the welfare of the mass of the population, attracted by that industry, within the large towns; he had, therefore, directed his thoughts to our rural districts, not for the purpose of attending to the condition of some 20,000,000 of souls toiling in their cultivation for such slender remuneration, but with a view to force back upon those districts the superabundant population of the large towns. From this idea, however sound as a principle, he had deduced the most fantastical applications; and Marshal Bugeaud, to whom nobody can deny the possession of practical experience in these questions which relate to colonization—Marshal Bugeaud, I say, has refuted the Phalansterian system of M. Louis Blanc, in an article of the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* (vide the last number,) which I would recommend to your notice, if you take any interest in such matters.

As for M. Louis Blanc himself, he proved, in spite of his diminutive size, one of the greatest difficulties of the past week. You know that the insurgents of the 15th May bore him in triumph around the invaded House of Assembly,—you are aware that his name figured in all their lists of the proposed government, and the magistrates, commissioned to inquire into the events of that memorable day, imagined that they had in their possession the proof that M. Louis Blanc was the accomplice of the insurrection—that he had at least abetted that insurrection in words, and accepted the part allotted to him in the proposed government of the country. All this looked rather serious, and might well have led M. Louis Blanc, from his seat of deputy, straightway to the dungeons of Vincennes. Fortunately for him, and for us, many representatives had seen him, during the tumult, endeavouring to allay the danger, and disperse the insurgents. Their testimony was borne in favour of their colleague, and a majority of thirty-two votes pronounced against the threatened prosecution.

This result is a most fortunate event; for the im-

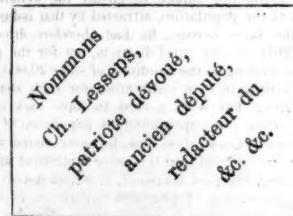
prisonment of M. Louis Blanc coinciding with the reforms which we are obliged to carry out in the distribution of public alms, the workmen would not have failed to connect together these two facts, so distinct in themselves, and to seize upon the name of M. Louis Blanc as a rallying cry, and upon his captivity as a pretext for insurrection. Have we not seen during the last few days, two or three hundred men parading the streets, crying, "Vive Barbès?" Has not the question been mooted of a monster banquet at twenty-five centimes per head, (for bread, wine, and cheese,) at the close of which the guests were to have marched to the Fort of Vincennes, for the purpose of liberating the prisoners incarcerated therein? . . . And yet, set the contradiction. These numerous workmen, all electors, and empowered at their pleasure to influence the composition of the list of eleven deputies which Paris will send to-morrow to the Constituent Assembly, have never thought themselves of interfering in that vital question. The polling-booths have been all but deserted. It may be that we shall have 100,000 less votes recorded than at the last elections. Can you fathom this indifference for the legal action—this eagerness for the illegal one? I mark here one of the saddest signs of the times.

The electoral placards have been most amusing to behold. Some we saw gravely burlesque, some wilfully eccentric. This man offered himself all alone, openly, resolutely;—that other presented himself through the agency of committee! Some aimed at eloquence, others at brevity. M. de Girardin, for instance, has reduced to one line his profession of principles,—

"Je ne suis pas Républicain de la veille."

"EMILE DE GIRARDIN."

Then comes some Gamin armed with a huge piece of charcoal, who erases the words—De La Veille. You may see what remains. Some, to be still more concise, are content to exhibit their name in large characters, followed by the word, "Candidat," the better to attract attention. Others there are, who on a square placard, print, as crookedly as possible, the recitale of their intentions, ex. gr.,



and numberless other instances of graceful coquetry, but I will spare you the recital.

Of our theatres, nothing new or interesting. La Rue Quincampoix, of M. Aneilot, is nothing more than a pitiful melodrama. Le Comte De Horn, which this trafficking academician produced some twelve years ago, in one of the theatres of the Boulevards, and which he has now put in verse for the purpose of seeing it again played in the theatre called the Théâtre Français, now baptized Le Théâtre de la République; as if the name of France was not sufficiently patriotic.

Mdlle. Rachel amused herself at the last representation of *Lucrece*,—the tragedy of Ponsard,—by acting the parts of the two female characters opposed by the poet to each other—*Lucretia*, the chaste wife of *Collatinus*, and of *Tullia*, the mistress of *Tarquinus*, thus contending against herself. It is in the latter character that she achieved the greatest success. In fact, it is more suited to her ardent, energetic nature—to that "Diable au Corps" which Voltaire desired in all tragic actresses, and with which Mdlle. Rachel is undoubtedly possessed.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

M. Libri's Justification.—A pamphlet, by this gentleman, just published simultaneously in England

and in France, has created a great sensation among the public. The contents greatly interest the different ranks of society, as well as the press. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect that shortly after the Revolution of February last, M. Libri, who was one of the principal members of the French Institute, and had maintained, in the *Journal des Débats*, the policy of M. Guizot, was accused, by a document published in the *Moniteur Universel*, of having formed his own valuable collection of books, MSS., autographs, &c., from the spoils of several of the public libraries of France. This odious accusation, which spread widely and with great rapidity throughout Europe, was founded solely on anonymous communications, which any English magistrate would have rejected with disdain. Nevertheless, it prompted parties belonging to the French Republican Government to the adoption of violent measures against M. Libri. The learned mathematician was, therefore, obliged to leave France and to take refuge in England, where he has just issued this refutation to the Report of M. Bouchy, *Procureur du Roi*. We will merely say, that this defence appeared to us so clear and convincing, that no reply on the part of the accusers seems likely to shake it. By the authentic documents contained in it, M. Libri annihilates, one by one, all the calumnious accusations brought against him. As reported by one of the leading French papers, the parts are changed. From the accused, M. Libri has become the accuser. The members of the government, who were his personal enemies are strongly suspected, and not without some foundation, of having propagated this calumny to bring ruin on a political adversary, who was to them so formidable an opponent.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mdlle. Lind sang for the first time the part of *Adina*, in Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, one of his lightest and most graceful productions. Our great favourite has again added new charms to the simple little part of *Adina*, and exhibited great talent and originality in the pretty ornaments she bestowed upon the charming airs of the part. In the first act, we thought she strove too much for power, which gave an uneasy effect to her singing. In the second act, she was charming; the barcarolle with Lablache, and the "Quanto amore," were very elegantly sung; but, while it is interesting to hear her in such parts as *Adina*, undoubtedly her great talents require a grander sentiment to feed upon, such as that of *Lucia*, before they can be shown to the full. Belletti was the *Belcore*, and sang admirably, gaining the first encore in the capital song, "Bravo il mio Belcore," previous to which the opera had been rather duller than a comic one should be. Lablache was, as ever, full of tricks and fun, probably the best *Dulcamara* that ever was or will be, at the same time never forgetting the music of his part. Gardoni sang the part of *Nemorino* but indifferently; his voice, though sweet and tuneful, continues to be very deficient in power.

The band and chorus do not at all satisfy us; they both contain good *materiel*, and ought to be heard to greater advantage. The house was exceedingly full, and the performance which ended with the ballet, *Les Elémens*, was received with the usual signs of enjoyment.

Covent Garden.—*Royal Italian Opera*.—On Saturday last, Mdlle. Garcia sang the part of *Donna Anna*, in *Il Don Giovanni*. We were not a little surprised to find this lady again forced into comparison with the other great living singer, Grisi, in the part of *Donna Anna*, when it is said there are several others by which she has gained her great reputation, and in which the public are so anxious to hear her. To us it does appear an unwise step. However, in spite of impressions from the great singer named, we have to give every praise to Garcia. Her singing was most careful and artistical, and the expression in the "Non mi dir" was remarkably good, and the singing of it tasteful and elegant. It is in the quality of her tone, the timbre of her voice, that we find a lack of some sweetness that charms

the ear. In the opening scene, we thought her acting somewhat caricatured, and her voice appeared to be out of control; but there can be no question but that she performed the part very effectively. The opera was given with much happier effect than on its first performance, Tagliavico being reinstated as the *Commendatore*. Tamburini proves himself still the *Don* of all *Dons*; and Persiani still a charming *Zerlina*; a word of praise, too, must be given to Madlle. Corbari, for her excellent singing of an arduous part, *Elvira*; and Mario's "Il mio tesoro" is a thing to be heard by all who enjoy the tenor voice, for which, in quality and management, his is unsurpassed.

St. James's.—Ever since our pleasant neighbours have indulged so extensively in tragedies and comedies on the political stage, dramatic profits in France have gone on diminishing most Crescendo. Every man of them having become a performer, there is not so much as one Spectator now in all France, and John Bull is called upon to enact that necessary part. In this general theatrical *sauve qui peut* to England, Mr. Mitchell has secured the entire Troupe of the quondam Palais Royal, and could not have chosen fitter people to drive away the blue devils from the muddy banks of the Thames. Ravel, Grassot, Levassor, Alcide, Tousez, are certain to make us laugh like Frenchmen—*Quille a se couper la gorge après*—leaving us at liberty to cut our throats afterwards.

Last Friday, the new troupe made its *début* in *Une Fière Brûlante*, a stark mad performance, which first engages by witty sallies, and then raises a boisterous laugh by bold extravagance. We have never seen anything of the kind in England. It is not a "burlesque," for the scenes and characters are those of every-day life, but parodied, ridiculed, shown up in their extreme absurdity. The play seems the feverish effusion of a man whose vivid and wayward imagination ran wild in ridiculing the petty follies he had detected. All this is reared upon the slight foundation of a man mistaking a married for an unmarried woman, and is sustained by wit alone.

VARIETIES.

Our Grapes.—The Fox had another jump, another snap, another failure, and another snarl last Saturday. It had "amused its readers," it seems—and they must be easily amused—with sneering at the *Literary Gazette's* intelligence relating to the departure of the Arctic Expedition; and having found its fine and racy vein of humour to be so entertaining, it indulged in a second, third, or fourth, no less witty and pointed demonstration. That our readers may enjoy it also, we copy the admirable *jeu d'esprit*: "The series of important intelligence is continued, and it is announced, as a significant event in the history of this expedition, that Sir J. C. Ross has actually sent his only steamer into Aberdeen for some coals. We beg our readers distinctly to understand that we are quoting; and that we assume the incident to be significant, because it is preceded by a preposterous flourish of trumpets." The exposure of this petty and disingenuous bit of trumpery will be found in the note below, without adding a word about the *modus operandi* and intended use of the steam launches carried out by the Enterprise and Investigator.

* To enable readers to judge of the fairness and truth of this notice—the former consisting of gross misrepresentation, and the latter of the *suppressio veri*—we reprint our statement:—

"We have great pleasure in laying the following brief communication before the public. After taking leave of our gallant friend, Sir J. C. Ross, at Greenhithe, (see L. G. No. 1634,) and knowing his opinions on several points connected with the expedition, (not then tried and ascertained,) it is most gratifying to us, and must be most satisfactory to the country, to learn how auspiciously this arduous voyage has commenced, and how successful the experiments alluded to have been:

"Letter from the Commander.

"H.M.S. Enterprise, 17th May, off Aberdeen.

"My dear Sir,—We have had a famous beginning to our voyage. The ship answer admirably, and sail much better than I expected. All seems smiling on us. I have sent our only steamer off that port, and may yet want her, and I will be able, I hope, to send you a line when we dismiss our pilot. Ever yours,

"J. C. R."

gator. But, perhaps, the cream of the fun may be better skimmed off by comparing the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenaeum* on the same interesting topic last week; for, whatever our contemporary may say, the public at large does consider this expedition to be very interesting; and almost every well conducted newspaper in the empire thought fit to copy even the small brief insignificant account it has attempted to turn into ridicule. Now, mark its own significance on Saturday. "Our readers are not historical homoeopathists.—" The pilot in charge of the Enterprise and the Investigator having returned to town, we may state (what was stated in the *Literary Gazette* the week before) that he has brought intelligence that all on board these vessels are in the best health and spirits. The Enterprise, contrary to expectation, proves to be a faster sailer than her companion." Well done, Homoeopathy, for readers who do not like infinitesimal doses! This beats the Aberdeen coal story. But the *Gazette* of the same date (poor Periodical, unimproved by more than thirty years' experience, during which nine in every ten of the most eminent scientific and literary men of the period in Great Britain have largely contributed to its pages, independently of an able, efficient, and hard-working staff in every branch within its circle, and foreign correspondents of the highest talent)—this poor periodical, we repeat, could only give the latest news of the expedition, the log to the 19th, when it bid farewell to our shore; and a promise to hear again from Whale Island in August, should it fortunately arrive there in time for despatches by the annual Danish ship. We make neither parade nor boast of this. It is all that could be told, to the last moment, and we told it.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbott's *Rolls at Play*, second edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. Alexander (J. A.) on *Iasah*, edited by J. Eadie, 8vo, cloth, 12s. Ansted's *Antediluvian World*, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. Barbauld's *Legions*, new edition, edited by De la Vuye, 18mo, cloth, 2s. *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*, translated by J. Waterhouse, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Catalogue of Engraved Portraits of Nobility &c. in Warwick, 4to, cloth, 10s. Chambers' (R.) *Ancient Sea Margins*, 8vo, cloth, 9s. Coghlan's *European Tourist*, second edition, 12mo, bound, 22s. *Pocket Pictures of London*, 32mo, cloth, 3s. Complete Correspondent, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Cumming's (Rev. J. G.) *The Isle of Man*, post 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. Depoerquet's *Key to Italian Grammars*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, cheap edition, 8vo, cloth, 2s. (sewed, 1s. 6d.) East India Register, second edition, 1848, 8vo, bound, 11s. 6d., (sewed, 10s. 6d.) Foster's (John) *Life by Ryland*, second edition, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 16s. Gilbert's *Outline Maps of Worlds*, new edition, oblong, 1s. 6d. *Geography for Families and Schools*, 12mo, cloth, 4s. Child's *Modern Atlas*, oblong, 5s. Grinfield's (G.) *Scholia Hellenistica*, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 30s. Hack's *Stories of Animals*, 2 vols. in 1, cloth, 3s. 6d.; in French, 3s. 6d. Hetherington's (Rev. W. M.) *History of Scotland*, seventh edition, 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, 18s. Hill's (Rev. G. D.) *Scenes of 1792*, or a Tale of the Revolution, foolscap, cloth, 4s. Hobson's (Rev. S.) *Letters to a Wanderer in Romish Country*, 12mo, cloth, 7s.

* We have put an asterisk to this dash—"—" in order to point attention to the new style of writing adopted by our critical friend. General ridicule seems to have nearly put an end to the "see notes," and the "—" to have nearly superseded the old-fashioned forms of punctuation by comma, semicolon, colon, and period. It does service for them all; and, in this particular instance, is sometimes conjoined with them, even to the extent of strengthening a full stop. Within eleven lines, from "we beg," to "homoeopathists," in the paragraph from which we have quoted, there are no fewer than four such dashes, and in "Our Weekly Group," of three or four columns, we will undertake to say, not fewer than fifty. Thus, we presume, may be classed as the newest dashing style. We offer a very short specimen for imitation to writers who find grammar troublesome—"William Harper was a native of Bedford, who, like Whittington, came a lad to London to make his fortune—(dash) was successful—(dash) became lord-mayor—(dash) received the honour of knighthood—(dash) and dying—(dash), having arrived at the region of commas, we go no further.

Hymer's *Analytical Geometry*, 8vo, third edition, 10s. 6d. Maurice (F. D.) on the Lord's Prayer, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. M'Cheyne's (Rev. R. M.) *Familiar Letters*, royal 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

M'Gregor's *Germany*, royal 8vo, cloth, 12s.

Memoir and Remains of the Author of "The Listener," &c., 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Miller's *Impressions of England*, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Mill's *History of India*, with Wilson's Continuation, 9 vols. 8vo, cloth, 26s.

Morrell's (T.) *New Discussion on an Old Controversy*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

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11	59 19 3	15	12 0 8 7	
12	59 31 4	16	0 21 4	
13	59 43 7			

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